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The Week-end Review

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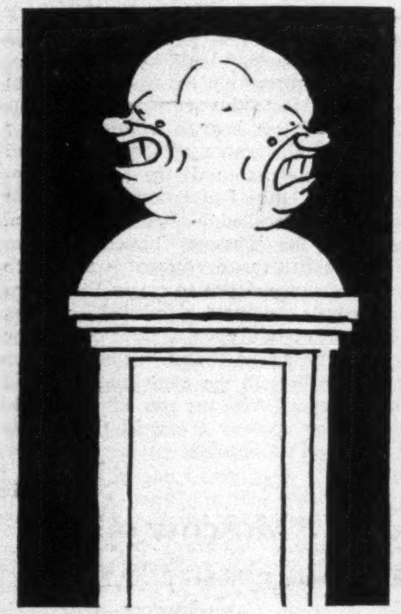

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R. H. S. CROSSMAN
The Stagnant Society

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ANTHONY HOWARD
TUC Conference

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Profile of Willy Brandt

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'Critic' in Belgrade

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Dan Jacobson
Malcolm Muggeridge
Hugh Seton-Watson
A. J. P. Taylor
Clancy Sigal
Michael Young
Christopher Sykes

Reason Versus the Mushroom

EVEN the most hardened Cold Warriors in the West have been shocked and dismayed by the brutality of Mr Krushchev's resumption of testing. His actions appear to confirm the gloomiest predictions of the pessimists in the Pentagon. They show contempt for the deliberations of the uncommitted nations in Belgrade. And they serve to remind liberal opinion everywhere that affirmations of Communist morality are valid only so long as they serve the interests of the Soviet government.

Nevertheless we must keep our heads and resist the temptation to react with a combination of abuse and despair. The first thing is to determine – or at least discuss – why Krushchev took a decision which seems already to have cost him dear. His motives, as our Moscow Correspondent reports on another page, have puzzled even the shrewdest Kremlin observers; but it is worth while to think through some of the alternative explanations.

First, we may regard the Soviet resumption as an act of pure cynicism. It is possible that Russia never had the slightest intention of negotiating a meaningful test-ban treaty – or even of interrupting her planned programme of tests. She prefaced the opening of the Geneva negotiations with an important – and very poisonous – series of test explosions and she may have used the three years which have since intervened merely to prepare another – while at the same time effectively preventing the Americans from testing the score or so devices they now have ready. This would accord with the pattern of negotiations since March, when the new Kennedy proposals, which went a very long way to meet reasonable Soviet objections, were presented. Their summary rejection by the Soviet delegate suggested even then that Russia was not interested in achieving a treaty, and the time-lag before the resumption of the tests may simply have been due to technical factors.

A second possible explanation – in a sense complementary – is that the Russians have revised their estimate of the balance of power in the world since the Geneva talks began and now feel confident enough to deploy their military strength openly. Mr Krushchev inaugurated his tenure of power by a systematic political offensive to win over neutral opinion; but since he went to the UN last autumn (some would say since the abortive Summit Conference of 1960) he has made it clear that he will no longer accept the uncommitted nations as a Cold War umpire; that the Communist bloc is now strong enough, if necessary, to defy all world opinion in the pursuit of its objectives.

He may thus see the situation in central Europe purely in terms of physical strength (the near-collapse of Ulbricht's East German state in recent months might well encourage him in such a view) and may have decided to carry through his German policy in the teeth of international opinion. If this is so, his object will clearly be not only to unnerve the West but to demonstrate to President Kennedy the disproportion of the risks we run compared with the relatively minor matter of access to Berlin. He has already drawn attention – and the hint has not been missed in military circles – to the superiority of Soviet conventional strength in Europe by the appointment of Marshal Koniev as area commander in East Germany. Now he may wish to demonstrate that Russia, which is already far ahead in the means of nuclear delivery, has reached at least parity in the manufacture of warheads.

If that appreciation were accepted as valid, the military choice which would then confront the US would be an unpleasant one: either to face defeat in a limited conventional action, or risk the total destruction of her own heartland.

This second explanation must hinge, to some extent, on the nature of the weapons the Russians are testing. There is a growing fear in US military circles that Russia may now be in a position not merely to manufacture exceptionally high-yield megaton bombs, but also to deliver them accurately at inter-continental ranges. If this is so, the assumption on which the US has based its deterrent for the mid-Sixties – that solid-fuel ICBMs in 'hardened' sites would survive a surprise attack – may be invalid; a situation, indeed, could arise in which the Russians would largely discount the western deterrent. That would obviously increase the likelihood of a Munich in central Europe.

Alternatively, the Russians may be testing the warhead (or possibly at this stage only the detonator) of a neutron bomb, which in theory at least would eliminate human life without the degree of fall-out which would prevent the subsequent entry of occupying troops. Paradoxically, such a horrific explanation might be reassuring: it could mean no more than that Krushchev has submitted to the demands of his military advisers to test a critical technical break-through, without in any way changing his basic appraisal of the world situation or the will of the West to defend itself.

But at this point speculation ceases to be profitable. All we can say is that an unknown element has appeared in Soviet policy, and that we must take urgent steps to discover what it is and how we should meet it. The demand, voiced so influentially from Belgrade, for a meeting between President Kennedy and Mr Krushchev plainly makes sense. A good deal has happened since the Vienna talks, and it is vital that Mr Kennedy should discover as quickly as possible what is in Krushchev's mind.

It is equally important that public opinion in the West be encouraged to reserve its judgment of the future. There are two things, however, which it is already clear that the West should refuse to do. First, it would be folly to respond to Krushchev's change of line by a further desperate acceleration of the arms race. Resumption of testing and dramatic increases in arms-spending can have no bearing on the military equation during the months ahead – and would most certainly confirm Mr Krushchev in his most aggressive posture. They would also cancel out the political advantage the West has gained from Krushchev. There may be an arguable case for some limited strengthening of the West's conventional forces in Europe, if only to provide further insurance against an accidental outbreak in Berlin or along the corridors; but President Kennedy is right to remind us that the existing strategic deterrent is adequate for the present, and that panic measures to increase it would serve no purpose.

Secondly, the Soviet resumption of testing should in no way influence our attitude to Berlin. Berlin was negotiable before; it remains so today. Our essential rights and interests are unaltered; so, too, are the areas in which accommodation is possible. If the Soviet tests persuade us to take a sharper look at them, they will have served some purpose: to paraphrase Dr Johnson, 'If a man knows he may be atomised tomorrow, it concentrates the mind wonderfully.' At their meeting in New York this month, the western foreign ministers should begin by agreeing on the basic concessions which can reasonably and safely be made in return for Soviet-East German confirmation of the West's rights of access to Berlin. These are: *de facto* recognition of East Germany; acceptance of the frontier shut-down within Berlin; a cessation of subversive and propaganda activities from West Berlin; and an assurance that West German forces will not be equipped with long-range weapons (still less with nuclear weapons) so long as the routes to Berlin remain open.

At this stage they should invite Mr Gromyko to join them and discover whether Russia is prepared to negotiate on such a basis. If he accepts, an agenda can be prepared and the talks transferred to Summit level. If not, the West should publicise the fact and at once carry the debate over to the open forum of the UN. It would then be apparent that Russia was not prepared to settle the Berlin problem except on the basis of an abject western surrender; and the West could face the subsequent trial of nerves not only with its own public opinion united behind it, but with the general support of the non-aligned powers.

Such tactics will, of course, fail if Mr Krushchev turns out to be another Hitler, bent on securing his aims in full at whatever cost. But all the available evidence suggests that, even under pressure, he is a rational creature whose actions, however aggressive they may seem, can best be dealt with by a rational response. In any case, this is the only course open to us which will not inevitably lead to mutual destruction.

Comments on the Week's News

Northern Rhodesia

See-Saw Pressures

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The balance of pressures on Mr Macleod has now tilted from Welensky's side to that of Kaunda. With parliament in recess, the white settler lobby is disporting itself across the grouse-moors or conferring in far-flung imperial board rooms. Consequently the small voice of reason sounds clearer than usual. Not only has Kaunda been joined in his criticism of the latest constitutional proposals by the African National Congress, at present led by Lawrence Katilungu, a distinguished trade unionist, but Sir John Moffat, leader of the Liberal Party and a minister in the Northern Rhodesian government, has threatened to resign if amendments are not made. In addition Kaunda now has the complete backing of the Labour opposition in London while a group of about 40 liberal-minded Tories are campaigning not only to persuade Mr Macleod to change his mind, but to assure him of party backing if he does so.

There are signs that the door is not yet closed, despite Mr Macmillan's tendentious letter to Kaunda last week. Yet the Colonial Secretary's dilemma is obvious. He weighted the constitution towards Welensky because he believed that otherwise the Federal Prime Minister would wreck it. A *volte face* now would certainly provoke the federalists into wrecking tactics and again arouse all the hostility of right-wing Tories. Yet the alternative is wholesale chaos in Northern Rhodesia, the prospect of which has now begun to compel many whites to agree that some compromise with African nationalism is preferable. Macleod is sounding out feelings in Central Africa through a joint meeting between the Governors of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia and the High Commissioner to the Federation. Meanwhile Welensky has recalled his man in London. Once again the pressures have started to mount. The British government – thanks to Kaunda's genuine desire to retain Europeans in his country and avoid bloodshed – still has the chance to avoid open conflict by making the necessary administrative adjustments to give the constitution the non-racial character demanded by all Africans and white liberals. If they throw it away a second time, white and black will suffer alike.

Moscow

The Mushroom Returns

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: 'Is there going to be a war?' one Russian asks another.

'No,' replies the other. 'But there's going to be such a struggle for peace that not one stone will be left standing on another.'

'But what should one do if a nuclear war does start?'

'Put on a shroud and walk slowly to the nearest cemetery.'

'Slowly?'

'Yes, so as not to cause a panic.'

This is a Russian 'joke', and it is in wide circulation today. An expression of cynicism, desperation, bitterness? Hardly. With their memories, not even the most hardened cynics here would joke about war if they thought it inevitable. Strange as it may sound to foreign ears, the opinion expressed in thinking circles here is that Mr Krushchev's tactics are more likely to lead to peace than to war. As for the general public, which is at present being rallied to give unanimous approval of the Soviet decision to resume nuclear weapons tests, there seems to be far less nervousness than during times of acute international tension in Stalin's days. Only the peasants are expressing their anxiety by the classic resort to hoarding salt and matches.

Never before have foreign observers here found it so difficult to analyse Soviet motives in taking a step which in the Russians' own words – spoken not very long ago – deserved to incur the opprobrium of universal public opinion. Most were prepared for a breakdown of the Geneva three-power test ban conference followed by an intensification of the Soviet campaign for total disarmament,

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NEXT WEEK

V. S. PRITCHETT

on Queen Victoria

but it was generally believed that the Russian claim to have the edge over the West in the balance of terror was true and that Moscow could afford to wait until the propaganda harvest of an American resumption could be reaped. Did hesitation in Washington take the Soviet Union by surprise and face it with the alternative of postponing a programme of carefully prepared, complex exercises in its defensive capacity in atomic warfare (the retention of trained army personnel and the selective call-up of reservists to take part in the autumn manoeuvres suggests this); or of acceding to the opinion of the military experts that the dangers in such a postponement – and for wind and weather reasons it might have had to be for many months – outweighed the political undesirability of the step? In short, are the Russians, seriously concerned about the danger of nuclear war, now hastening to repair gaps in their defences which have been caused by the impossibility of carrying out a realistic test of their defences during the past three years?

Or is the decision to resume a political one, designed to demonstrate to the world that the Soviet Union is not going to be deflected from its policies for Germany, Berlin and general disarmament by western threats? Is it meant to shock and rally the unaligned nations so that they will press all the harder for negotiated settlements and blame the West for quibbling if it places principle before expediency? Hitherto, most of the military measures adopted by Moscow have been in the nature of retorts to the West; the decision to resume tests at least gives Moscow the initiative in the tactics of terror, and in the harsh light of realpolitik the Russians may feel that this will be to their advantage at the conference table.

Krushchev is expected to throw further light on the situation when he speaks after Neru at the mass meeting in the Kremlin this week. These two speeches are awaited with the keenest interest here. The Indian premier will be in the unenviable position of an honoured and deeply-beloved guest whose profoundest convictions cannot but be shocked by the terms in which the international situation is being presented to the Soviet public, and who has to appear as the champion of non-alignment before a vast television public in the presence of the Soviet government and the diplomatic corps. The opportunity to present an objective picture of the world situation to the Soviet public is one rarely given to a foreign statesman of Nehru's stature. And from Krushchev's mouth we shall probably learn how far the Indian Prime Minister, coming here straight from the Belgrade conference, has succeeded in influencing him at this critical moment.

Indirectly the Soviet public is learning of the shock caused to world opinion by the decision to resume tests, if only from the assiduous efforts of their political commentators to attribute it to western propaganda. *Pravda* took the unusual step of publishing replies to questions on the Soviet Union's foreign policy coming from readers. These replies, given by the well known publicist Nikolai Gribachev, once praised by Krushchev for his forthright and militant style, argue that the West is at the best trying to maintain the *status quo* at the point of the bayonet, at the worst preparing to launch a war to 'liquidate Socialism'; that now the only way to prevent war is to convince the West what it will lead to (Hitler attacked because he believed he could do so with impunity); that the 'regrettable necessity' of resuming tests was to be compared to a preventive explosion to forestall an avalanche and that, in face of two evils, the lesser has been chosen.

Underlying this argument is a curious note of insecurity. 'It is not only humiliating, it is dangerous to be made fools of in these days,' wrote Gribachev. And another writer: 'We must not permit a repetition of the tragedy of the first months of the last war.'

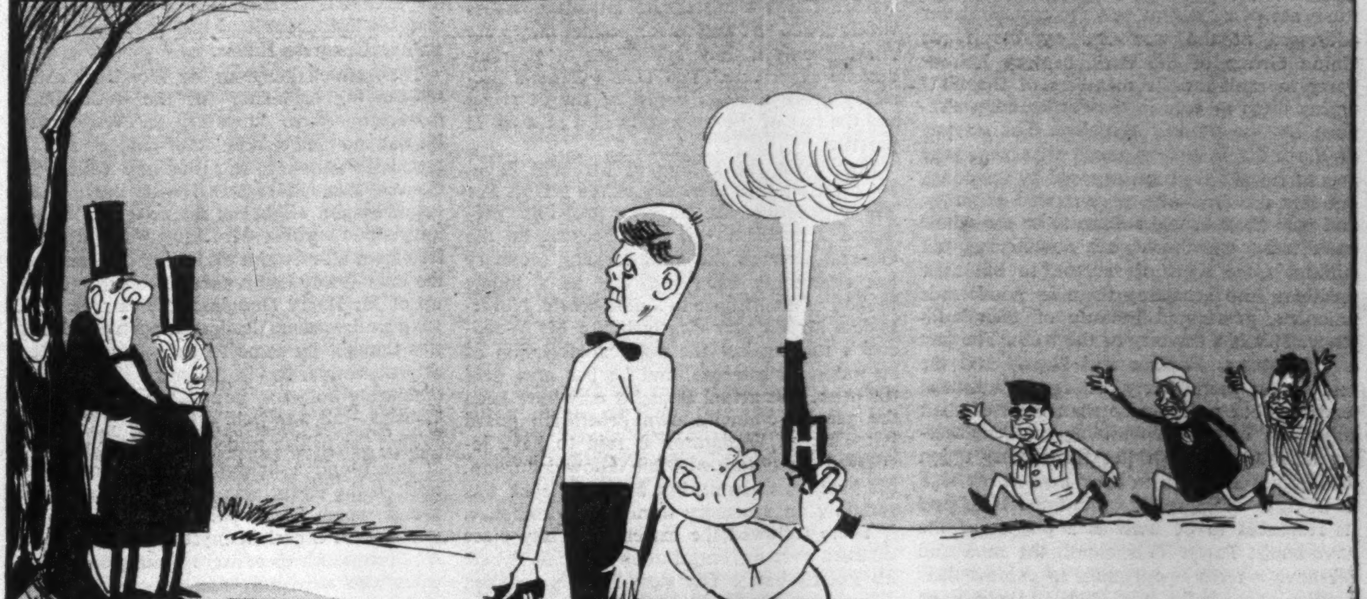
Addis Ababa

Boiling Point

A Correspondent in Addis Ababa writes: The December coup d'état in Ethiopia marked the end of an era. Even its failure has transformed the mood and political balance of the country. The Emperor himself is no longer seen as an infinitely wise despot, but as a tired old man whose policy of playing off one group against the other is no substitute for a well-planned economy and an efficient administration. The soldiers now realise that they hold the real power. In March they made clear-cut demands for a pay increase equivalent to that promised them by the revolutionary leaders and walked out on their senior officers when they attempted to reason with them. After an ultimatum had been delivered to the Palace, the Emperor was forced to give way. This greatly increased military expenditure was provided by stepped-up taxation on civil servants' earnings, a move not likely to endear government workers to the present régime. The question which now faces Ethiopia is who will, by controlling the Army, run the whole Empire.

The Emperor himself has never been more isolated. Leaflets are now circulating in Addis Ababa attacking the Emperor himself, General Merid, who led the loyalist forces last December and is now Minister of Defence, and the late Duke of Harar. It is the latter's schoolboy son Paul whose name has recently been circulating as a possible successor to Haile Selassie. Significantly, no attack is made on the Crown Prince, who appears to be gaining in public support.

Ethiopia is in a desperate economic state. The scarcity of jobs for students leaving school has led to concealed unemployment; the ministries are overcrowded and the resultant inefficiency discourages foreign invest-



ment. The increasing need for capital expenditure for education and health is not being met by industrial expansion or an efficient taxation system. Drastic reforms are needed.

But the impasse which the country faces is no simple one. Two of the most respected figures in Ethiopian public life are dead: Muluguetta Bulli, the Commander of the Bodyguard, who was respected by the whole country as incorruptible, was shot by the revolutionaries, and among the latter Girmame Neway, who was generally considered to be intelligent, progressive and clear-sighted, was killed by the Emperor's troops.

There are several likely flashpoints. There is general dissatisfaction amongst the students. The tactless behaviour of the security forces in attempting to stamp out criticism of the government has united student opposition, and this is likely to increase next year owing to a shortage of qualified teachers (many foreign teachers have gone home and have not been replaced) and the withdrawal of the students' maintenance allowances for economy reasons. The Bodyguard officers involved in the abortive December affair have been sentenced secretly to terms of imprisonment and their army comrades do not view this with equanimity. Most likely of all, there are strong rumours that one at least of the army leaders has aligned himself with the Crown Prince's faction.

The ETU

The Next Phase

Understandably enough, the non-Labour press has tended to treat the expulsion of the Electrical Trades Union from the TUC as the final and conclusive act in a thriller: the villains were unmasked in the High Court and brought to justice at Portsmouth. This over-simple view misses the real point. More significant in some ways than last Monday's ritual act of expulsion was the circular letter addressed at the week-end by the Trade Union Group of the Parliamentary Labour Party to rank-and-file members of the ETU urging them to vote in the forthcoming elections for the union's executive. The tragedy of the ETU is not so much that particular acts of fraud have been exposed by the court, but that the men who were named as guilty, and who have brought disgrace to the whole trade union movement, are now trying, not without some signs of success, to lull their members into accepting them as good trade unionists, persecuted because of their militancy. This is a travesty of the truth. The fact is that Messrs Foulkes and Haxell and the rest have been fairly effective industrial leaders – but no more so than most of their colleagues in the shipbuilding and engineering industries. They differ from other union leaders not so much in their negotiating skill as in their willingness to allow the ETU and its resources to be used as a puppet of the Communist Party. This month the rank and file have a fresh opportunity to express their opinion at the ballot box. Or have they? Even now there is no certainty that the Communists will not succeed in further fraudulent methods. If the members of the ETU want to rid their organisation of the disreputable gang who have been in charge, the remedy is in their hands; but the only safeguard against trickery is perpetual vigilance by individual members at branch level.

The TUC

The New Man

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes*: There can be no doubt who has been the dominant figure at Portsmouth this week. Whether dispensing guidance to Mr Ted Hill on the platform, or protecting the president of the AFL-CIO from the chairman of the British Labour Party after dinner in a hotel lounge, Mr George Woodcock has not attempted to hide his assertion of power over his own domain. Since taking office the new general secretary of the TUC has always reacted vigorously at any suggestion that he is merely the servant of the general council, but at this week's Trades Union Congress – far from looking like the servant of anyone – Mr Woodcock seemed likely to emerge as the master of the whole trade union movement.

Such an establishment of personal authority may not, of course, have been wholly difficult to achieve. In a real sense Mr Woodcock was moving into a vacuum. When, indeed, on Monday morning the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth urged the merits of the city's ancient monuments – and Mr Ted Hill merrily chirped up 'There are some here on this platform' – it was hard to know how he had the nerve. For of all nationally elected bodies the TUC general council comes nearest to defying the laws of change – though not those of decay. And more than once in the last few days the familiar figures behind the green baize in Portsmouth's modern Guildhall looked as if they might even be dead without knowing it.

Certainly few of them gave any sign of having realised exactly what it was that Mr Woodcock brought off this week. From the moment when on the eve of the Congress he appeared in a religious TV programme (entitled a little inappropriately 'Tolpuddle and Today'), Mr Woodcock's plan for the week was out in the open. 'Trade unions', he remarked, 'are concerned with bread-and-butter issues'; it was a mistake to introduce 'issues which divide us'; and as for politics they were relevant only if they 'spring out of your industrial experience.' The TUC's General Secretary made a clean breast of the doctrine; and the rest of the week showed it at work in practice.

First came the knifing of Mr Will Paynter, the Comunist secretary of the NUM. For Mr Woodcock Mr Paynter probably presented a problem – if only because on the General Council the mineworkers' secretary has commonly been regarded as a lonely beacon of intelligence in a dark world. Nevertheless Mr Paynter clearly broke Mr Woodcock's rule against the political diversion of an industrial purpose, and he has now paid the price. The actual assassins may have been the general council's own praetorian guard (Sir Thomas Williamson is said to have instigated the *putsch* with his fellow-centurion, Mr William Carron), but Mr Woodcock was certainly an accessory if not an accomplice.

There followed the extremely crafty piece of work over the burial of any specific debate on Polaris bases. The story here is complex – but what appears to have happened is that in their anxiety to reduce a plethora of resolutions to a manageable number, the unilateralist forces made a bad blunder. They allowed a motion dealing simply and directly with Polaris to be withdrawn, and then found themselves refused permission to make consequent adjustments to the motions which still stood. When Mr Frank Cousins made an angry protest at the TUC general council meeting on Monday morning, he apparently discovered in Mr Woodcock an implacable legalistic opponent.

That such opposition may not have been entirely disinterested was shown that same afternoon. For when in the ETU debate Mr Woodcock in turn had the book thrown at him, he simply lobbed it gently back. A seemingly unanswerable constitutional objection from the Musicians' Union he brushed aside with the comment: 'If you want to proceed under the rules, don't ask for my advice. We are doing what we think is right.' But by that stage Mr Woodcock was so much in command he could have got away with anything.

About Mr Woodcock's own speech, however, there were two views: one that he had not quite risen to the occasion, and the other that in temper, approach and even dogged repetition he had exactly captured the mood of Congress. The rival judgments turn, in fact, on whether its pedestrian tone came about by accident or design. And here one can at least offer a clue. When the moment came for Mr Woodcock to reply to the debate, he suddenly held back and directed the chairman's attention to a claimant from the floor. That claimant was Mr J. N. Frazer, of the ETU – who in five minutes probably did more damage to his union's cause than had any speakers on the other side. On balance it seems perhaps unlikely that the TUC's new chief executive does much by accident.

The forces in the TUC opposed to Mr Woodcock's political quietism will, in fact, almost certainly make a serious error if they underestimate him. They may well have learnt that lesson already. The Common Market debate was nothing short of a rout for those small unions who wanted to induce the TUC to take a strong political line. Part of this was admittedly due to Sir Alan Birch – who marked his return from illness by proving that he is still the ablest member of the General Council – but an equal factor was the almost wholly industrial content of the Common Market Supplementary Report that Mr Woodcock had had prepared by his staff in Congress House.

The main challenge to Mr Woodcock's new self-denying ordinance for the trade union movement came, however, on Wednesday. It was no secret that the debate on the economic situation was the one which the General Council regarded with the greatest apprehension. Might not the delegates in their indignation against Mr Selwyn Lloyd break free from all restraint and insist on slamming the door firmly in his face? Even the putting up of Mr Harry Douglass (the extreme right wing steel workers' leader) to open the debate was thought by some to be a dangerous act of provocation. But in the end – despite some ominously militant noises from Mr Frank Cousins – all was well.

That the British trade union movement has at last found a helmsman seems, after this week, to be undeniable. Yet, significantly, the course which he proposed to chart remains wrapped in a certain mystery and suspicion. At Portsmouth there were a number of delegates who were only too anxious to register their reservations. But as the General Council elections proved, they are likely for the moment to have little chance of voicing them. Ironically, Mr Woodcock's principal protection is now provided by one of the most historic and ancestral elements in the trade union movement – its extraordinarily conservative structure of democratic representation.

The Left in the Stagnant Society

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Even the Cold War bestows its benefits. One good thing it has done, for example, is to shatter the complacency of western Socialism. In 1945 we were ready with plans for reorganising everything except ourselves; the Labour movement, we tended to assume, was beyond criticism, a pattern to be followed by the colonial peoples once they were free to choose. Now, as the result of ten years of peaceful competition with the Communists, we are beginning to realise that the endemic weakness of western democracy is on the left. What it lacks is the dynamism that the Labour movement should provide. As a result of this deficiency, the West can never go full out, whereas Communism can.

It is because I believe our freedom can be preserved only if this missing dynamism is quickly restored that I welcome the publication of a new Penguin* by Michael Shanks. Mr Shanks seems refreshingly determined to tell us what is wrong with the Labour movement and how to put it right. Though he is now industrial editor of the *Financial Times* and got his training as a journalist on the *Economist*, he is by no means an enemy of the Left. On the contrary, he is a vigorous young Fabian, who realises that our society is stagnant as well as affluent and that it can be stirred into activity only be a revitalised Labour movement. The comfortable deterioration that Britain has suffered since 1950 is not attributable to any Conservative failure to move with the times. On the contrary! The Tory leadership and the Whitehall Establishment are so sensitive to any puff of the wind of change that they can be pushed by events in almost any direction. What has been lacking in Britain since 1950 is a Labour movement willing and able to shove really hard in the right direction.

Mr Shanks first considers the failure of the trade unions. Since I know to my cost that this subject is taboo for Labour politicians, I can only say that this is the most outspoken, sensible and sympathetic account of what has gone wrong in the unions that I have ever read. If the shop steward can claim that at last his case has been put really fairly, it is also true that the official hierarchy, and in particular Mr Woodcock, will feel that their problems have been stated all the better because Mr Shanks sees them from outside. Here is a passage which is characteristic of his forthright style:

> There has grown up in recent years a widespread superstition that a trade union leader is a sort of *ex officio* civil servant, responsible to the community at large . . . The image is of a rather ineffective schoolmaster lecturing an unruly class. In practical terms, the main function of a union leader according to this view is to deter his members from putting in ambitious wage claims . . . Apart from this, he has no particular job to do except use his block vote to keep the Labour Party from following any silly policy like unilateral disarmament . . . Having done all that, he can gracefully retire on a peerage and be taken to dine at a West End club from time to time.

On this Mr Shanks comments:

> A trade union official is paid by his members to do one thing only – to look after their interests . . . It is not up to him to look after the interests of the general public as such . . . If the middle class thinks the TUC should behave as a civil service it had better start contributing to their salaries.

Mr Shanks concludes that the trade unions can be revived only if they are prepared to permit effective, centralised leadership at Congress House. He wants to see a small, whole-time executive in command, with Mr Woodcock as the chief of staff, planning each year's battle for higher wages and selecting as the first battlefield the claim that should have the maximum effect. A trade union movement really mobilised for industrial battle would, he believes, wake up our stagnant society. I concur.

Next he turns to politics and asks how the Labour Party can be rejuvenated to match his new TUC. All it requires, he tells us, is a surgical excision, which would remove the doctrinaire Left, leaving a party of 'moderates', able to persuade the electorate to vote into power a Lib-Lab coalition, committed to a sensible, non-doctrinaire programme of radical reform. Mr Shanks admits that a group expulsion of the Left would lead to a split, in which many of the unions would side with the expelled. He therefore advises us to hope for a process of spontaneous fission, by which the Left will expel itself of its own accord and become an uninfluential fragment.

What makes a young Fabian write such sense about the unions and such nonsense about the Labour Party? Mr Shanks's main weakness when he writes about politics is one which he shares with that founder Fabian, Beatrice Webb. She too was a clever, vigorous young person, who, because she herself saw every problem and the solution to it with appalling clarity, felt an unbounded contempt for anyone unable to do so – including nearly every Labour leader. She too had a lot more personal affinity with the Establishment and with her Tory opponents than with her Labour allies. She too, in her early years at least, was always afraid that the chance of getting her radical reforms adopted would be missed if those reforms were associated in the public mind with pseudo-revolutionary leftism.

Mr Shanks is therefore following a strong Fabian precedent when he quotes with approval the example set last year by the German Social Democrats, who 'jettisoned so much of their Marxist tradition that their policy is barely distinguishable from Dr Adenauer's'. The British public, on this view, wants to choose at elections not between doctrinaire extremes but between pragmatic parties, of which one is in office and therefore more responsible, the other in opposition and therefore more open to new radical ideas. The Left must be got rid of, not because the policies it demands are too extreme but because they are likely to *sound* too extreme in the ears of a public attuned to moderation.

What Mr Shanks is most afraid of is guilt by association with Socialism. He is ready enough to accept a Socialist programme. Indeed, the proposals he expounds at considerable length seem to have been lifted in their entirety from Labour policy statements, particularly *Labour in the Sixties*, which was so vigorously applauded by the whole left wing at last year's Scarborough conference. Apparently those proposals are acceptable to him, provided only that they are advocated by 'the right people'.

There is one issue, however, on which Mr Shanks himself is an extremist. Convinced that economic revival requires planning, he goes on to argue that you cannot plan investment or production unless you plan wages too. In the central chapters of his book, therefore, he works out in some detail the machinery required for assessing annually what wage increase the country can afford and then enforcing this decision on the workers.

He proposes to work through the present National Production Advisory Council for Industry, whose membership includes the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the chairman of the regional boards of the nationalised industries and representatives of the employers and the TUC. A sub-committee of this NPACI should be responsible for making the annual wage review, while another subcommittee should advise in detail on its application to particular wage claims. Finally, the new high-powered executive of the reformed TUC would have the power to expel any refractory union that put in a wage claim when forbidden to do so.

Mr Shanks does not deny that the sacrifice he requires of organised labour is a large one, and one might expect that he would match it by insisting that the other side of industry must be equally subject to dictation. But no. When we come to consider planning as it affects the employers, we find the following passage:

> The plan would not seek of course to set rigid targets for particular industries or to dominate every aspect of economic life as the five-year plans in Communist countries do. It would not in fact dictate to anybody, but would instead seek to co-ordinate the national effort. It would be a reconciliation of independent decisions by industry rather than a mould into which industry is forced against its will.

And, as if to make doubly sure that we do not miss this crucial points, he adds, a few lines further on:

> Once we are able to influence directly movements in wages and salaries, we can dispense to some extent with these more roundabout ways of regulating demand and supply in the economy as a whole.

I am not going to say that some such development is inconceivable during the next ten years. It is possible to imagine that, if the Tories stay in power and the trade union leaders become thoroughly disillusioned with Labour politics, they might be induced by Mr Selwyn Lloyd's successor to connive in a national plan that destroys the worker's freedom of negotiation, while leaving the employer master in his own house. What is surely fantastic is the suggestion that the new model, militant trade unionism described in Mr Shanks's earlier chapter could connive in such a display of statesmanship at the cost of working-class interests. The truth is that you cannot have industrial militancy without political militancy as well.

Mr Shanks must make up his mind. If he wants to see the dynamism of democracy restored by a revitalised trade union movement, then he must face the fact that it must bring into being a revitalised Labour Party, with the kind of aggressive Socialist programme he finds so distasteful. The kind of trade union leaders who help to enforce a wages policy in a capitalist free-for-all and the kind of Labour Party leaders who purge their left and make a pact with the Liberals in order to appease 'moderate' opinion are suited only to the Stagnant Society.

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* *The Stagnant Society*. By Michael Shanks. *Penguin. 3s. 6d.*

Belgrade Diary

CRITIC

If Nehru had not brought urgency and reality into the Belgrade conference, it would have ended in a long irrelevant manifesto about Bizerta, the Congo, Angola, Cuba and other 'colonial' issues. Not unimportant, of course, but irrelevant to the one question that matters here and now. It could not look like that before the conference to most of the Arab countries, which formed about half of the conference, or to Africans, to whom the death in their minds is not from nuclear explosions – though they are uneasily aware of fall-out – but here and now from French, Portuguese and other imperialist bullets. The representatives of these countries, sometimes reminding us in their national costumes that the conference was overwhelmingly not European, brought with them long prepared scripts dealing with imperialism, covering all the topics on the agenda, particularly of course stressing their own struggle for freedom. President Sukarno pleased them all by his eloquent use of words that in Asia and Africa have not been devalued; not content with freedom, he demanded for everyone in the world 'freedom to be free'. Speakers who were aware of the immediate urgency of Berlin and the implications of the Soviet Union's renewal of tests were those who had become figures in world politics and learned to think in world terms. U Nu, who spoke with a welcome brevity, showed that he was really a non-aligned premier. Nasser, who re-wrote his speech the night before delivery, was statesmanlike; Nkrumah, just back from Moscow, concentrated on the armament issue. Nehru, who spoke impromptu and with a grave and moving intensity, did all a man could to persuade his Asian and African colleagues to concentrate on the imminence of war. Tito, it was believed, would reinforce Nehru's appeal. But his final speech, which was apparently changed at the last moment, was disappointingly an evasive summary.

* * *

The effect of the news of the Soviet renewal of tests was very like that of the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. It did not make those who were primarily interested in the colonial issue condemn Russia, which they do not regard as an imperialist power, but it destroyed their illusions of Soviet idealism. Gradually it was realised that the USSR was not thinking at all about the neutrals and that its primary motive must be to influence the coming negotiations over Berlin. The world, especially the capitalist world, was to be compelled to realise the horror that the failure of negotiations would mean. It would help Krushchev, perhaps, to get the better of a bargain with Kennedy. It seemed only too possible that Krushchev was making the old mistake of dictatorial governments. Whether it was a personal mistake or whether Krushchev was acting under pressure was irrelevant. There comes a point of anger when democratic powers, whether their cause is good or ill, will fight even if it means suicide.

* * *

Nehru's speech was a wonderful relief after what seemed the endless succession of set documents read out by earlier speakers, mainly written for home consumption. He brushed aside the colonial issue because victory in this field was now certain. What was the use of discussing Bizerta, Algeria, Angola, etc, if neither the colonies nor the imperialists would any longer exist? Nehru was criticised for his speech. People do not like to be included in '*etcetera*', and Nehru forgot to mention China – a sin for which he might surely have been forgiven since India has a blameless record about the admission of China to the UN. He was almost alone in understanding that a conference speech need not discuss the whole agenda. The result was a sharp division amongst delegates. How many documents should be produced? India led the group which urged that a short separate appeal should be made on the peace issue and that the colonial issues should be set out in some detail in a separate manifesto. In the end India won its way and Sukarno goes to Washington. He can at least convey to Kennedy the fact that all neutrals realise that East Germany is a separate country with which the West must make terms – the one point about Europe he had made clearly in his speech. Nehru and Nkrumah will do their best in Moscow.

* * *

One point that may have puzzled observers is the emphasis, repeated by several of the leading speakers, on the fact that the neutrals were not and must not create a 'bloc'. Bloc indeed had become a four-letter word. The reason only became clear to me in private conversation with leaders of the more responsible uncommitted powers. Why, I asked, did they not wish, as some of us have urged for many years, to form at least a third group to 'interpose' themselves, as Nkrumah had suggested, between the two giants? The answer, now that I have seen this conference at work, is only too obvious. A bloc implies some organisation, some measure of joint agreement, among its members before any action can be taken. Nehru's diplomacy would become subject to the veto of Somaliland. Nasser could not act unless all the Arab powers agreed. This conference therefore has shown both the possible influence of the non-aligned countries at a time of crisis and that this influence may well be lost if they try to act as a body. They are not united on anything except anti-colonialism and their fear of war.

* * *

One of the most interesting people to whom I talked was Mayesky, of *Pravda*, whom I had met in this country and Moscow. I listened to a pathetic argument between him and an idealistic Indian who thought Russia, being strong, should be generous. Moral arguments did not appeal to Mayesky. When the Kennedy-Macmillan proposal was made for a continued suspension of tests in the atmosphere, he said Russia must turn it down because it did not include a promise that France would stop tests and Russia was sure that the French tests were being made partly for the benefit of America and with the collaboration of the Germans. Here was the root of the problem. The one certainly honest part of the Russian case is their fear of German rearmament. Krushchev has made it abundantly clear that the one matter on which he is determined is to prevent German rearmament. He is prepared to go to the brink and hopes to bring in other powers to help him to prevent another German war.

* * *

When I first went to Belgrade at the end of the war in Tito's private plane, I learnt to appreciate the reckless heroism which enabled the partisans to liberate their own country from German, Hungarian, Italian and, worst of all, local Fascists. Indeed I and about 20 MPs and journalists were very nearly liberated ourselves. The pilot flew from Paris without inquiring whether weather conditions would enable him to refuel on the way to Belgrade. Unable to do so at Munich or Vienna, he turned round over the Alps and landed brilliantly in the dark on a military airstrip at Zagreb. When I asked him why he had not gone to Belgrade he said he had no 'spirit', and was delighted when I suggested that he had been flying on 'the Partisan spirit'. Today Yugoslavia is still an exciting if a less dangerous country. Belgrade, a smashed and rather dreary overgrown Balkan village in 1945, has now become a finely built and enjoyable capital of a country which knows well how to cater for a vast influx of tourists. The preparations for the conference were admirably, indeed I should say brilliantly, efficient in spite of the error of almost hermetically sealing off the 1,100 journalists from the 700 delegates and their staffs. Belgrade University has 55,000 students; a surprisingly large number of them talk English and pronounce it the English way. Scores of them were there to look after everyone's interests. Men and women, they are unusually handsome, smiling and obliging. Even the hundreds of guards and policemen were undeviatingly agreeable. The regime encourages the belief that, if the world is allowed to go on, countries may really find their own ways to a regime which combines Socialism with freedom. I met only one happy-go-lucky official and with him I had every sympathy. He put aside the declaration of money I had brought into the country. Knowing it would be asked for again, I suggested that it should be returned to me. Nonchalantly, he gave me back someone else's declaration. Other customs officials burst out laughing. I regard him as a pioneer in a reform which we may still live to see carried out – the abolition of the innumerable bits and pieces of paper which the police still insist on keeping, presumably for the fun of periodical bonfires.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

'Drive-in bingo' is planned at Bristol. Lex Garages is seeking permission for its multi-storey car park there to be used for bingo sessions.

The six-storey park can accommodate 550 cars. Players would sit in their cars while the numbers are called out and signify success by sounding horns. – *Daily Telegraph.* (John Prime.)

Are you a Deb's Mum?—Now the season is over why not be Mum on commission/expenses basis. Contact exclusive Educational Consultancy arranging U.K. visits for overseas students of highest class. – Advt. in *The Times.* (Evelyn Bronhead.)

After presenting rosettes to children from pony clubs, Viscount Knutsford described the clubs as builders of character. 'It is a jolly healthy, competitive life for children – far better than sitting in cinemas and having long hair and winklepicker shoes,' he said.

He went further:

'There has never been a bad foxhunter. Whatever job he has taken, he can be relied upon for good companionship, straight dealing and a cheerful disposition. He succeeds in every walk of life.' – *Guardian.* (S. Caplan.)

The Good German

Germans have always been a problem for liberal-minded persons. For liberal-minded persons are apt to be against Germans, but they are also against racial discrimination. Thus a distinction has to be drawn between Germans and Germans, between Good Germans and Bad Germans. Good Germans are held to exist, but to be of no account, since Bad Germans always come out on top in the end. Yet, oddly, this is much how the Germans see themselves: we were born good, but everywhere the Kaisers and the Ulbrichts, the Ludendorfs and the Adenauers have put us in chains.

Of course, there is much truth in this German view of themselves, though more self-pity. To Anglo-Saxons it has always been obvious that peoples get the governments they deserve; to Germans never. Evil men have the power; the good lack power; therefore power is evil: so ran the logic of the good German. The SPD, the party of Good Germans *par excellence*, worked to the formula: the Right has the might, but we are in the right. No wonder the outside world ceased to take much account of Good Germans. No wonder when we meet one, like Willy Brandt, who wears the image of a Good German and yet has a strongly-developed taste for power, we are sceptical.

Yet wrongly. Nothing is more impressive in Willy Brandt's remarkably rapid rise to world fame than the way he has taken power and publicity in his stride. He remains the Good German – too good, perhaps, for his political reputation at home. Not without success, his political opponents have hinted at shameful, possibly treasonable, obscurities in his past. Why, for instance, did he change his name from Frahm to Brandt? What was Brandt (alias Frahm) really up to in Norway, in Red Spain, during his years of exile? Did he in fact wear a Norwegian uniform in 1940, and fire on his own countrymen?

On the other side, his Communist opponents in East Berlin credit him (improbably, for he was 24 at the time) with organising the 'anarchist-Trotskyist putsch' in Barcelona during the Spanish War – needless to say, in the service of the powerful and ubiquitous British Secret Service.

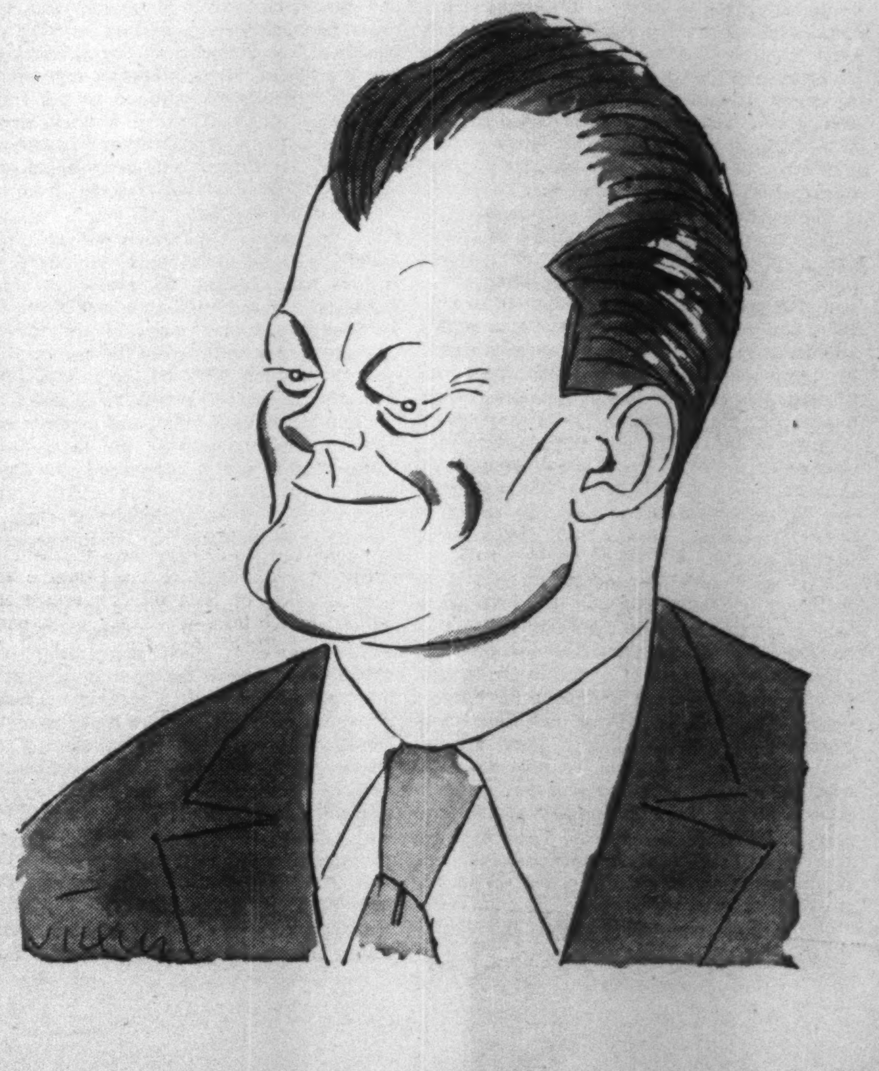
Yet Brandt is nothing if not frank. He makes no secret of his illegitimacy (though, as his recent reaction to Adenauer's allusion to it proved, he is still touchy about it). In his autobiography, he has described how, the son of a Lübeck shop-girl, he was brought up by his uncle in the traditions of the August Bebel's militantly class-conscious Socialism. Brandt's was evidently, during the troubled Twenties, a pinched, narrow, unhappy childhood. He has also gone out of his way – in a country where the Spanish Republicans are habitually referred to as the 'Reds' – to defend his participation in the Spanish War. He affirms – where others might have preferred to let sleeping dogs lie – that his youthful support of a splinter-group well to the left of the SPD was a mistake: at that time, any blow against the SPD, however right-wing its policies, helped Hitler. And, though he took no active part in the Norwegian hostilities, he has always emphasised his solidarity with his adopted people. He took out Norwegian nationality in 1941; and his present wife, the Jackie Kennedy of West German politics, is a Norwegian.

Brandt is well aware of the psychological problem all this poses for a West German electorate. Courageously, though with possibly fatal optimism, he is still convinced that his frankness will be rewarded. He may be right. But his political past remains a stumbling block of the first order. Not that West Germans resent the fact of his exile – or his anti-Nazism as such. It is rather that, by not only opposing Nazism but actively resisting it (even risking his neck by organising resistance groups inside the Reich), he confronts so many Germans and particularly the Good Germans – with an uncomfortable choice. For to admit that the émigrés were right might seem to imply that those who stayed at home were wrong. And while the average West German is now prepared to agree that men like Brandt, Mann, Brecht and Ollenhauer acted honourably, he is not prepared to concede that, by *not* emigrating, he himself acted dishonourably.

But if Willy Brandt is a political risk for the SPD, he is an ingeniously calculated one. If his political record is in West Germany a dubious asset, he is at least the one German Socialist no sane man could call 'soft on Communism' (this has not prevented Dr Adenauer from saying it). It is this reproach, the SPD considers, that has lost the party election after election. And, with Willy Brandt as their candidate, they hope to have done with this bugbear. Again, while West Germans value in their politicians a strong line in patriotic sales-talk, they hunger still more for American approbation. Dr Adenauer's triumphs in 1953 and 1957 were in great part the work of John Foster Dulles. Mayor Brandt is now at least as well known – and is, almost certainly, better liked – in Washington than is the *Der Alte* himself. The SPD is wagering that the West German urge to identify with the West will prove stronger than West German unease at Brandt's embarrassing form of anti-Nazism; that the mood of euphoria induced by the West German 'economic miracle' will lull the nostalgic regrets of those Social Democrats who remember the days when the SPD programme was at least tinged with Socialism.

Brandt in fact epitomises the new-style Socialist who has come to terms with the affluent society – the brand-image, you might say, of the Madison Avenue reformer. He offers his followers not a new social order, but 'the same, only better'. Naturally he has made many enemies on the left of his party and his politics are widely mistrusted by Socialists abroad. But not even his bitterest opponents deny that his rise to leadership has been achieved by democratic means. As well as being a new kind of Socialist, he is a new type of German leader. He is no *Führer*. If he now dominates the SPD, it is through his mastery of the arts of democracy. He is an excellent committee-man, a patient listener and a good debater; and he is studiously affable to his ex-colleagues of the press. It took Brandt seven years of canvassing at ward and district level – despite the patronage of his friend and mentor, Lord Mayor Reuter – to win the party chairmanship in Berlin. Whether the Germans will now respond to Brandt's style of leadership, after 12 years of Adenauerian autocracy, remains to be seen.

Though astute and well-informed, he has not the intelligence of his rival Franz-Josef Strauss. Nor is he a man of ideas. The original thinking behind the SPD's new policies is Herbert Wehner's and Fritz Erler's and Carlo Schmid's work, not Brandt's. Brandt himself is called an empiricist by his



friends, and an opportunist by his enemies. But empiricism, in a country long ridden by narrow doctrinaries, may be a refreshing political virtue. And one cannot fairly call the man who risked his life to fight Hitler's tyranny an opportunist. Basically, Brandt brings to the SPD (whatever he may have taken away from it) something that it has conspicuously lacked – gumption. At the time of Hungary, when angry crowds set out from West Berlin's Town Hall to storm the Brandenburg Gate, it was Willy Brandt who saw the danger and, flinging himself into a loudspeaker-car, contrived to dam the flood and persuade the Berliners to go home. The SPD leaders on the Town Hall balcony stood in utter confusion: they had no notion how to restrain the mob whose feelings they had aroused. Many observers reckon that Brandt's ascendancy in the SPD dates from that moment.

Can Brandt win next week-end's election? Until recently, few people thought so. The prestige of *Der Alte* seemed unshakeable. It was argued that, by challenging Adenauer now – instead of waiting four years until Erhard or Strauss had the succession – Brandt had moved too fast. His fate might be that of Adlai Stevenson. But public opinion polls suggest that support for the SPD was on the increase even before 13 August; and there are strong indications that Adenauer's hesitations during the fatal week have done much damage to his prestige. A small percentage drop in the total CDU vote would mean the loss of Adenauer's present absolute majority. The SPD and the Free Democrats would then be in a position to form an alternative government or – far more likely – to force a national coalition on the CDU. That they would be willing to serve under Adenauer is extremely doubtful.

A national government under Brandt is not therefore to be ruled out. Such a government would do little to further the recognised causes of the left. But to those incorrigibles, here and the United States, as well as in Germany, who have always believed that democracy is best defended by democrats, it would still be a welcome victory.

The American Scientist

J. M. ZIMAN

Barring accidents, the United States, whether we like it or not, is the pattern of development of the western world. This is a justification for writing about American science and scientists, for we may perhaps see there the way in which British science is going. My own experience of two months' visit to a few places, talking to a few people, does not confer any right to speak with authority; but some of the trends are already apparent in England, and the links between the two countries, the friendships between British and American scientists, are already so intimate that it is a subject with which we are all familiar, before any actual visit. However, my experience is almost entirely with the physical sciences; biology may be different.

First, there is the scale of scientific work in the United States. I am not talking of engineering or applied science, but of genuine, pure, fundamental basic research. There seems so much going on, in the hundreds of universities, and the great laboratories of government and industry. Our own efforts seem so small by comparison. But this is something of an illusion. Per head of population, Britain still has more pure scientists than any other country in the world, and the absolute production of scientific papers in my own field is actually greater in the Soviet Union than in the United States. Why does one feel that scientific leadership has crossed the Atlantic, beyond recall?

It is not that the quality of individual American scientists is so high. There are some very great scholars, but the average is undistinguished. Their educational system does not drive men hard enough in the earlier stages. Money and equipment are plentiful, but are often lavished on second-rate men. The whole system has grown too rapidly. There are too few older men at the top to provide really high standards. In the last years, at graduate school, they try to make up lost ground and teach a lot of modern theory. Their men are thus much more familiar with current work and new techniques than ours but the understanding of basic principles is often weak, so that one finds astonishing gaps of knowledge even in the ablest men.

What they have, above all, is energy and activity. The modern American scientist is no shy violet, hidden in the dim corners of a dusty cellar. Like as not you will find him crossing the continent by jet, giving lectures 1,000 miles from home, or meeting hundreds of others at a conference or summer school. There are always people in and out, coming and going, incessantly discussing the latest experiment or theory, arguing in front of a blackboard or over cups of coffee. Every post brings a pile of letters, preprints, reprints, and company reports, in addition to the formal scientific journals. There is a thick web of communication so that everyone knows what everyone else is doing, and every bit of scientific knowledge spreads rapidly from one laboratory to another.

Of course this is extremely valuable, for it avoids wasteful duplication of effort, and ensures full criticism of every new result. Publicity is an essential ingredient of scientific knowledge, and the Americans are experts in it. Nor do they suffer from the current weakness of Russian science – the failure of the highbrow theoretical people to sit down with the humble experimenters and hammer out a concrete interpretation of the facts. Indeed 'consulting' is now a recognised professional activity, so that the ideas of the ablest scientists are spread widely through the country, and their opinion on any new work is rapidly forthcoming.

Some people, original, quick-witted, fluent in thought and word, thrive in this atmosphere. Yet I think it has its dangers. Scientific work is not easy, and a really deep idea is unlikely to come in the hour or so that one may spend talking with a particular person on a particular topic. An atmosphere of intelectual bustle is not conducive to quiet concentration, to unhurried experiments, to detailed calculations, to just brooding over a single problem. There is always the temptation – which the best scientists, of course, resist – to jump on the latest band wagon that drives past, and try to exploit a fashionable trick or new technical device, instead of making a thorough study of a narrow field, and perhaps taking the essential first steps that will show whether an idea or a technique is really worth following further.

The fact is that in America science is far more competitive than in Britain. The ambition to make a great discovery, to become famous, or just a professor or a Fellow of the Royal Society, is a reputable motive; but we tend to temper and harness it by setting up the highest standards, and not allowing our elder statesmen to award honours to ephemeral brilliance. Such internal social machinery for giving professional status is lacking in the US, and the prizes, financial and psychological, are sometimes won more by good public relations than by quiet technical ability. 'Originality' and 'creativity' seem sometimes to be overemphasised, and are often not easily distinguishable from superficiality and flashiness. I do not know any outright charlatans, but I am disturbed at the lack of intellectual self-discipline in many otherwise able men.

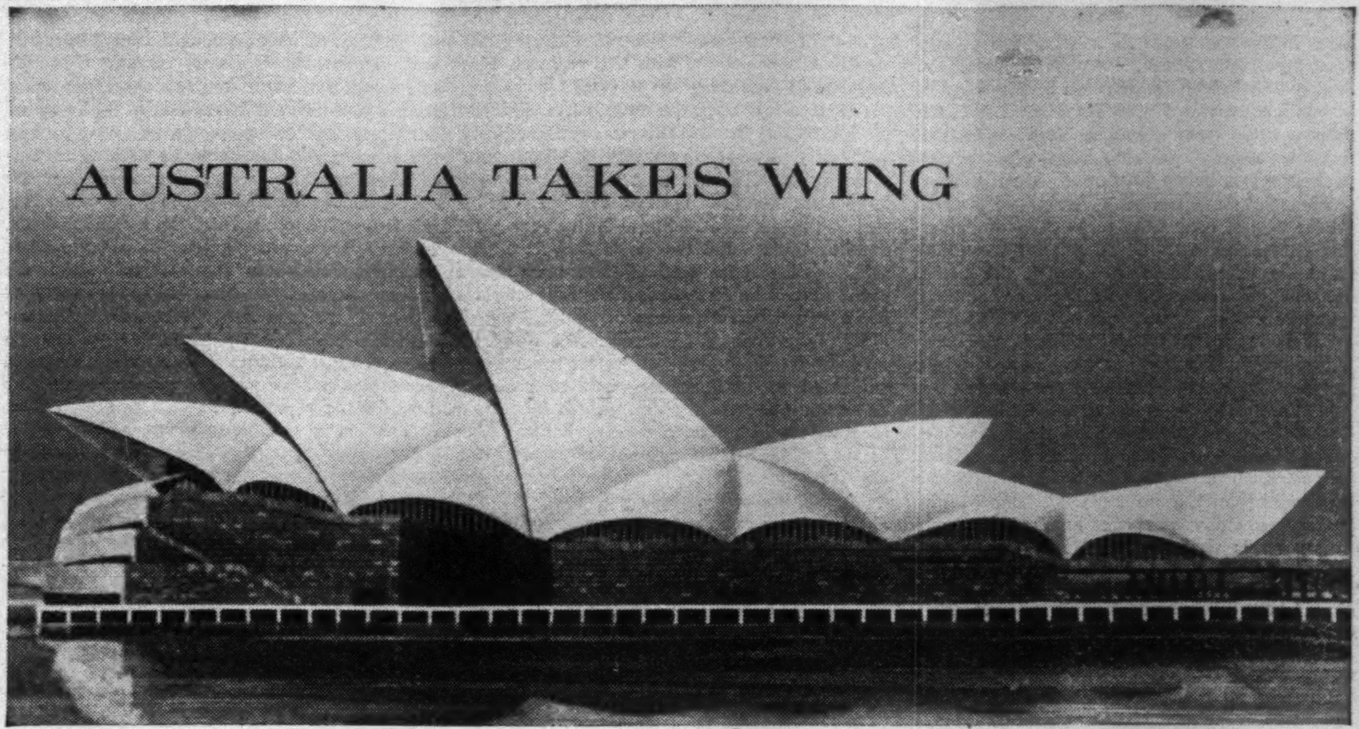
On the other hand, the lack of well-entrenched authorities has its advantages. There seems to be little sign of the unhappiness that sometimes arises in a university department where the juniors are waiting for the 'Old Man' to retire or die. One can just get oneself an independent chair, or accept a good offer elsewhere. The independence and self-confidence of the young men is refreshing after the deliberately self-effacing dullness of many British scientists, unwilling to express controversial opinions or to move into a new job or a new field of study. This spirit of self-reliance and competition probably springs from the general social atmosphere, with its emphasis on success and overt achievement, and goes further than a private relation between individuals.

Much modern research requires the co-operation of large teams of scientists working together round some big piece of apparatus – a nuclear reactor, an accelerator, a radio-telescope. Since individuals are not always very willing to merge their research careers in the work of the team, the directors must be persons of strong personality, and relations between different teams, working perhaps on the same basic problem, may become strained. Situations develop which are better described in terms of the struggle for markets between two industrial corporations than in the language of the traditional spirit of free co-operative research. No doubt the team leaders get their kick out of this, but it is not very good for the junior workers.

The strange thing is that there is no need for this competition at all. Science is booming in the US and there seem to be plenty of well-paid jobs for the man with the Ph.D. He can start at something approaching 10,000 dollars a year; a typical figure for a well-established research scientist – the equivalent of a lecturer in a British university – must be upwards of 15,000 dollars when all the perks are added up. As for the star performers, they can double this, or more, without having to go to the lengths of founding their own electronics companies and becoming dollar millionaires at 30. As somebody put it to me, physicists are now professional men, like doctors or lawyers. This is a development of the past five years, and it is interesting to study its causes. In essence, the demand for able, well-trained, promising research scientists is far greater than the supply; there are too many institutions in the market, bidding up the price of the men they want to hire.

First of all, there are the companies working on government contracts for research and development in the defence industries. 'Mush-

AUSTRALIA TAKES WING



Symbol of the new direction in Australian life, Sydney Opera House is now nearing completion.

—and the next ten million Australians will take a big load of **power**

Australia's population has reached the ten million mark. Time now to look to the next ten million. And whether they are born there or arrive on a boat, they'll be joining a nation exulting in new life and strength.

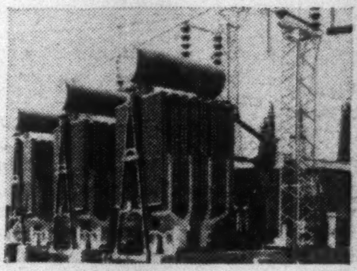
Already the post-war flood of immigrants from Europe has given Australia a broader world view: new citizens with new intellectual contributions to make, different cultural ideas, specialized skills and knowlege. The community has never been more *alive*—healthy, enquiring and full of purpose—as Australia takes wing to wider horizons.

If the Sydney Opera House symbolizes the new direction of living, other monuments now shooting up mark the pulsating economic prosperity which makes this richer life possible—skyscrapers in the cities, new steelworks and, perhaps greatest of all, the huge dams in the Snowy Mountains scheme, bringing the power which is vital to all development.

In a country expanding so vigorously, the importance of electric power cannot be overestimated. Power consumption is the yardstick of any country's prosperity, and those new Australians, as they join the present ones, will need an ever-growing supply of power for industry, commerce, transport and the home.

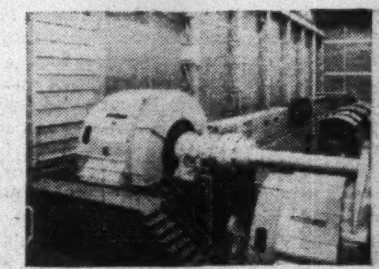
English Electric in Australia In all these spheres The English Electric Company is busy in Australia, providing the means to *generate, distribute* and *use* more and more electricity. Hard at work in the enormous Snowy Mountains hydro-electric scheme, English Electric is also building 200-MW generating sets for the Vales Point steam power station on Lake Macquarie; while at Rocklea in Queensland, at one of English Electric's two flourishing factories in Australia, locomotives and rolling stock are being built for the country's railways.

And so the fruitful relationship grows. Australia knows she can depend on the resources of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while the company gains further valuable experience which it can use for work in other countries and at home.



Feeding power to Sydney from the dams in the immense Snowy Mountains hydro-electric scheme, this bank of English Electric 330-kV transformers is at a substation of the Electricity Commission of New South Wales.

One of five 1,500-h.p. locomotives for Queensland Government Railways, who also placed repeat orders for twenty-five 1,650-h.p. units with The English Electric Company of Australia Pty Ltd.



For Australia's largest steelworks English Electric has built most of the electrical equipment. Motors amounting to 60,000 h.p. for a slabbing mill included this massive 36,000 peak h.p. twin drive.

Tasmania's island economy is based on her considerable hydro-electric power resources. This English Electric 45,000-h.p. water turbine generating set is in the Lake Echo power station.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, English Electric House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 rooming' is the usual word for the growth of these corporations, often not having much to offer in the way of hardware, but full of egg-heads and know-how. They have learnt the lesson that British industry so blindly ignores – that a man who can do good basic research is also often quite clever at applying it, and may be a most valuable asset when a new technology is being developed. Most of these corporations are not really doing very much in the way of basic science, but they are offering enormous salaries, and are very free with valuable 'consultancies' to pick the brains of college professors during the summer vacations.

There is another type of research laboratory supported by industry – a type almost unique to the US. A few very large corporations in the electrical, chemical and pharmaceutical industries support large laboratories devoted almost entirely to basic resarch. It is difficult to establish a rigid profit motive for this expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars to no obvious purpose, except that each company is well-persuaded that it can keep in the forefront of economic and technical progress only by keeping its own active research division – just as a mediaeval monarch was well advised to found and support a college or two of scholars or monks to take care of the spiritual well-being of his realm.

Whatever the motive, these laboratories are doing some of the best scientific work in the country, and have the financial means to attract brilliant young men by excellent salaries, superb technical facilities and freedom from the tiresome teaching duties of the universities. The contact that is established between pure and applied science is extremely valuable, and a contrast to conditions in England – where the Lowells and Cabots commune with the Almighty in their academic ivory towers, only occasionally casting a pearl of wisdom to the ragged hordes outside. They form an admirable bridge, across which many men pass, one way or another, between science and technology, till they find their vocation. Yet even these industrially based laboratories have their problems.

In principle, and often in practice, each research man in such a laboratory is allowed great liberty to follow his personal bent as a free scholar, but there is always a general atmosphere inducing him to 'help' with problems of application, or be willing to accept direction into lines of research which will give prestige to the laboratory, or fit in some obvious way into a pattern laid down by the managers. The task of managing these institutions, and shielding original research minds from mundane problems, is extraordinarily difficult and is not always perfectly accomplished. There is also a price in the separation of research from teaching, so that many men who would gladly, and brilliantly, spend some of their time expounding their knowledge and skill are situated out of reach of students, and do not enjoy the contact with fresh young minds.

Even in the universities, the process of inflation is at work. Finance for research is readily available, in the peculiar, pernicious, but extraordinarily profitable practice of obtaining government 'contracts'. It is somewhat startling to see a paper on an entirely academic, purely mathematical point in the formal theory of classical statistical mechanics embellished with the footnote 'supported by the Office of Naval Research'; but that is the way it is done. At all events, whilst official teaching salaries have not risen very much – and that means that professors in arts subjects are not well paid – these funds have been used to pay very substantial sums to scientists just to stay in their own universities during the vacations and get on with the research that they would ordinarily do anyway.

The result is that the university scientists are not lagging behind the rest, and are being held fairly successfully against the allurements of the industrial laboratories. This is extremely important, for, as I have said, university teaching in the United States is not very good on the average and the great growth of the number of science students in recent years could have been disastrous if the best scholars were not still there to teach.

What we are seeing, then, is the disbursement of immense sums of public money, for research and development work, to a variety of institutions, which then use this fairy gold to compete in an open market for the best brains. It looks like a classical case of the effect of a subsidy on a free economy. Paradoxically, the only people who don't do well out of it are the employees of the federal government itself, in its own big research laboratories, for their salaries are subject to attack by any tax-pruning congressman.

In Britain this inflation has not occurred because the government effectively controls the salaries of its own scientific civil servants and, through the University Grants Committee, keeps its finger on the academic men. Industry, whatever its needs in the way of engineers and technologists, has not broken the government monopoly by making serious bids for men to do basic research. But the American and British systems are not independent of one another. Many individuals, of the very highest scientific calibre, after receiving our more rigorous education, are being attracted to the US by the higher personal incomes and better facilities for research there. Mere patriotism is not enough as a counterweight to individual material advantage and the virtuous hope of being able to do better research.

That is a well-known cry of woe. But after experiencing in the recent past the hospitality of my US friends, enjoying their courteous yet uninhibited conversation, and seeing them at work in their laboratories, I can only say that there are other attractions also across the Atlantic, and I can well understand why so many go – and stay.

Two Faces of Manchester

GERDA L. COHEN

Even in sunshine, the air tasted of raw fog. Cobbled paths marking the torn-down street would give an historian pause to marvel at how little space had been required to house the industrious poor. Women, their front curl rolled up like a phylactery, bought cow-heels in the only shop left standing thereabouts. 'When's your lot coming down, luv?'

'Ee I don't know; *they* don't know neither. They knocked a fair hole in Acacia Street and packed up.'

'We've been on't list for eight years; bloody 'eart-break it is an' all.'

Where Manchester grimly straggled into Oldham, the squat brick rows waited for destruction, along with their huge derelict churches. 'You can't miss the Rectory', someone pointed past a junk merchant in Miles Platting; 'they've got a garden'.

Blackened privet tried hard to put forth leaf, the only green thing in sight. 'We're a landmark', said the rector, bird-bright with vehemence, too thin for his cassock; 'we're freak egg-heads who haven't fled to suburbia. Doctors don't live here; they rent a surgery; teachers commute from Cheshire; Mill workers with any sense get a bungalow in Handforth'. Libraries and clinics were being shut as the neighbourhood emptied. 'Pity the souls who are left' – his avian nose tilted at a Picasso Virgin over the desk ('They don't like her, by the way') and halted at the high black wall encircling the privet. 'There's precious few in my parish.'

So few, that he and 12 Protestant clergymen united to form a group ministry. Each took on a specific job of counselling or education. One pastor, who threw up a career in engineering to become ordained, felt drawn to evangelism in industry. They have organised an adult college ('night school, to be honest') at the request of working men fed up with telly. 'Our people aren't stupid', the rector clenched his bony hand as if praying; 'they have no tongue'.

He spoke up for them when the Corporation decided that local children should transfer to Secondary Modern schools built outside town. Land couldn't be spared in central Manchester for new schools, went the official argument. The University Settlement joined with clergy and headmasters to protest, until the 'perimeter school' idea was discreetly shelved.

At the last count, Manchester had 60,000 condemned dwellings, of which 2,000 are being demolished annually; a rate of progress that not even the Council dared defend. Ignoring the turgid industrial artery of Rochdale Canal, Corporation housing has already hidden the rubble heaps, behind avenues named after genteel county hotels instead of the non-existent Victorian trees. Ash Grove, with its outdoor lavatories ritually whitewashed at Whitsun, had become Beauchamp Crescent, a vista of sanitary little boxes, each having a weedy oblong behind. The rector shrugged, unreproving: 'To them, grass is an unnatural interruption of the pavement.' Tenants are often threatened with eviction for not tending their gardens, and prosecution for ruining public shrubs.

In a Homburg so commodious it came down over his ears, the rector paid an introductory call to tenants in a newly finished block of maisonettes just visible from the Rectory. 'They won't let us have no coal fires', a trembly grandma shook with vexation or age; 'that emergency heater – you should see me bill for electric'.

'Immersion heater, she means; don't pay no heed to gran', her daughter took the rector sharply aside; 'she hasn't a clue about this under-floor what d'ye call 'em. It's a lovely flat, mister'. Her geranium nail dug at the bedroom, impersonal with clean plaster, 'That's fer me two boys. We had to sleep all in one room, like animals.' Accusation flowed from her, engulfing the representative of God.

A knotty man in a boiler-suit shouted 'Where's me dinner?' He had 'Manchester United' tattooed on his left arm, 'Ave Maria' on his right.

'I'm talking to the parson here.'

'Oh ay', extending a suspicious hand; 'Father Patrick came last week y'know; we belong to *his* church'. Embarrassment held

this
aircraft
is
100 miles long

100 miles long, 10 miles wide and 1,000 feet deep, in fact . . . because rigid safety regulations say that ten minutes flying time, ten miles of lateral space and one thousand feet of vertical space shall separate all aircraft all the time they are using the air lanes. Now, multiply the *number* of aircraft that are flying . . . magnify their size . . . increase their speeds . . . and the problem of separation becomes difficult indeed. Obviously, accurate instrumentation, advanced electronics and even more advanced navigational aids are of paramount importance. In these three directions alone, Ferranti are making significant contributions to Britain's progress in the air.

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them a second, in the bosomy clutch of a television sofa. 'Go on, luv', he suggested awkwardly, 'show the parson our rubbish disposal chute. That's a sight!'

* * *

'Before the war', sighed an architect in the gothic mausoleum kept for Manchester's officialdom, 'left-wing reformers used Wythenshawe as an example of enlightened municipal policy. Today, it's a mess. Neighbourhood units!' he laughed, 'nobody living in them even knows they exist'.

Each neighbourhood has an Anglican church of timid modernity, its bell tower adorning the would-be village green like a model factory chimney. St Martin's vicarage, not to be mistaken for a pinch-penny council house, occupied a large square of grass. It even had a garage. 'The Corporation never imagined people out here could own cars', said Mr H, a bushy, bubbling reverend. 'They put too much land into grass verges, and left no room for parking; and no room for expansion, either. Wythenshawe was built to hold one generation. I marry young couples who grew up here: back they go to a room in Moss-side where their parents came from. Community spirit? I ask you!' his big guffaw bulged the dog-collar, 'We elect a dozen councillors out of the 150; I bet there's hardly a chap could tell you their names'.

Perhaps concluding that a community would materialise if a community centre were provided, the authorities have begun to build one. Oddly remote from the splayed avenues, scaffolding caged – in a field. Toughniks bent over racing handlebars, swooshed round the emergent Woolworths. 'Going to 'ave ten pin bowling, too!' No movies. 'Who wants 'em anyway?' snorted Demon Bill, his leatherette bum-freezer studded like Boadicea's chariot, boldly unzipped to display a chromium crucifix. 'We got films at school. Wet, they are. That's my school', extruding a ribbon of gum at the glassy rhomboid; 'big, in'it? All the squares go in a bus to Manchester'.

'We're proud of our youth clubs' (a bun-faced lady was brewing *espresso* for the Methodist jive evening) 'we have fine amenities for ping-pong and swimming'. Inexplicable, she agreed, that most of Manchester's juvenile crime should emanate from Wythenshawe. 'Their dads earn well and don't get drunk above once a week.' Of 40 sites allocated for pubs, only 15 have taken up the option. Muffled by pussy-cat carpeting, dazed by a wallpaper of floribunda jungle orchids, the old men sit in the new lounge bars, brooding.

A policeman watched Saturday litter drift down the shopping parade, silt up the railed-in rose bed. 'Low mentality; you can't get away from it', he blew a blast at Demon Bill, swooping in top gear between the 'No Cycling' signs. Oblivious to the neighbourhood plan, a bus-load went off to shop in Stretford, their dear old slum. 'You don't get the variety out here. When Marks and Spencer open, they'll have to brighten up.'

Half-way between the Mormon hut and the Pentecostal mission, a great basilica bites into heaven. Romanesque, omnipotent, it dwarfs the well-meant municipal landscape. Livid cupolas deride the cuboid profiles of governmental welfare. 'Bingo', explained a girl in the fried fish bar opposite, 'that's how we paid for Saint Antony's. Bingo nights and film shows. Have you been inside, luv? Real marble, and nylon carpet to the altar. It's a treat. It cost £100,000, that place did. We're still paying for it. Gives you something to work for, don't it?' she giggled with happiness.

Correspondence

THE BERLIN CRISIS

Sir, – It should be accepted by *all* parties that war over Berlin or Germany is to be avoided. Two kinds of questions are involved: one of these is an ideal solution to the German problem; the other is a search for a possible compromise in the present dispute concerning West Berlin.

It is difficult to see any ultimate solution of the German problem without general disarmament. German reunification would involve Russian surrender of East Germany, which Russia could not be expected to accept if Germany were an armed force on the side of the West. Nor could the Germans be expected to accept German disarmament except as part of general disarmament. Krushchev has repeatedly suggested general disarmament, and it is regrettable that the West has made no response.

As regards the immediate problem of Berlin: the USSR threatens to make a peace treaty with East Germany and to insist that the future status of West Berlin must be negotiated afresh with East Germany; the West fears that this would end the guarantee of free communications between West Berlin and West Germany. This fear could be obviated if the peace treaty between the USSR and East Germany contained a clause guaranteeing the preservation of the freedom of West Berlin and of its communications with West Germany. In return, the West should recognize East Germany – it would no longer have any good ground for refusing to do so – provided the guarantee concerning West Berlin were repeated in the treaty of recognition.

There can be no doubt that Russia is alarmed by the prospect of West German rearmament and, in view of what happened in Hitler's time, it can hardly be maintained that this fear is unreasonable. On this as well as on other grounds, it should be agreed that Germany should not possess nuclear weapons. The Oder-Neisse frontier should be acknowledged to be final, as in any case it is *de facto*.

The above concessions to the USSR are only acknowledgements of facts which could not be changed at present without a world war. In return for such concessions, the rights of West Berlin, for which the western powers have a responsibility, would be more firmly secured than they are now, with the consequence that there would be a gain to West Berlin and a fulfilment of western obligations to it. Provided these conditions are fulfilled, a stubborn refusal to recognise the East German government is not defensible.

Bertrand Russell

Sir, – Mr Irving Laucks' suggestion is one of the best that has come from the US for some time; if that does not damn it with faint praise!

The existing Berlin arrangement was certainly a mistake, but was presumably insisted upon by the western allies at the close of the war in order to retain a foothold in the Russian zone. Resolving it by the removal of the people of West Berlin to the western zone would put the whole world more at ease. The name Berlin might have to be left where it is for technical and other reasons: why not establish an entirely new capital – it might be called Brandtburg (or Frahmburg, if Dr Adenauer prefers). There are a number of precedents for making a new capital city; for the Germans to establish one might indicate that real change of heart which still seems lacking, if there is anything at all in what Critic writes on German *revanchisme*.

Since Mr Laucks wrote, of course, the USSR has resumed nuclear tests. One wonders whether this retrograde step might not have been prevented if the West had shown much earlier the willingness it now professes to negotiate. But the Russian action adds more point than ever to Mr Laucks' suggestion so why should not the forthcoming western foreign secretaries' conference consider it if, as may be assumed, they have nothing better to discuss?

Philip R. Lane

6 Priory Road
Dawlish
Devon

JOHN BULL'S OTHER PORTUGAL

Sir, – Mr W. Douglas in claiming ability to correct the 'half truths, inaccuracies and plain untruths' of your leader misses your point completely. Your argument against the Special Powers Act is obvious – it takes no account of the innocent. It is difficult to see how Mr Douglas hopes to convince these 'invaders' (what proportion of those interned could be termed 'invaders'?) to 'abide by ordinary democratic processes' when Lord Brookeborough condones a flagrant manipulation of electoral boundaries and refuses to meet Mr Lemass (who advocates peaceful means – hence the Special Powers Act in the Republic) to discuss mutual problems and further economic co-operation.

Secondly, a study of Hansard with a view to comparing the efforts of the 12-strong Unionist Party with those of (say) a much smaller Liberal representation would very quickly clear any doubts about the truth of your remarks on that subject. The greatest Unionist contribution to this parliament has been that of Mrs McLoughlin on the turnstile question.

Thirdly, one has only to look at the figures supplied by Mr Douglas in conjunction with those for previous elections and bearing in mind the population of north-east Ireland to realise that they are a vote against the methods of Sinn Fein and not a 'convincingly clear' desire to continue partition.

The Ireland Act of 1949 was a severe blow to the ideals of the Labour Party as expressed in its manifesto of 1921. But then Lord Craigavon, the first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, said: 'In this island we cannot always live separated from one another. We are too small to be apart or for the border to be there for all time' and Winston Churchill said 'Whatever Ulster's right may be she cannot stand in the way of the whole of the rest of Ireland. Half a province cannot impose a permanent veto on the nation. Half a province cannot obstruct forever the reconciliation between the British and Irish democracies and deny all satisfaction to the united wishes of the British Empire.'

Kevin G. A. Smith
Chairman

London Council
Anti-Partition of Ireland League
101 Westmoreland Terrace, SW1

STAG HUNTING

Sir, – Far from failing to make any fuss 'about these yearly scandals' (incidents at stag hunts), the RSPCA has in every instance made full investigation. But the Society is not all-powerful and it can take action only within the law as at present constituted. As mentioned in my previous letter, we have given our full support to Parliamentary bills designed to end the hunting with hounds of wild deer.

With regard to fox-hunting, we can fully respect the viewpoint that that form of hunting, with others, should be abolished but we do contend, in all sincerity and after the most careful inquiry, that the existing alternatives to fox-hunting – notably shooting, trapping, gassing and poisoning – inflict an even greater degree of suffering. That is why we are not, at present, opposed to fox-hunting as a method of control, although condemning it as a sport. That is why we are offering an award of £1,000 for a method or device which will humanely and effectively control foxes.

I am sorry to suggest this but I fear that Critic has accepted on trust adverse reports published in the popular newspapers. Our hunting policy is a reasonable and logical one, dictated by no considerations of expediency.

"A year from now Labour Party–Trades Union relationships will be very satisfactory"

Lord Citrine talks to Kenneth Harris in an exclusive interview for The Observer

"What I think is wrong [*with the Unions*] and what the general public think is wrong are two very different things." Here speaks a man with Trade Unionism in his bones, a man who at the same time is high enough above the struggle to see the whole picture. He is Lord Citrine, whose exclusive interview with Kenneth Harris is reported in two parts in The Observer, beginning this Sunday.

He has shrewd things to say about wage claims, and the climate that encourages them; about the relationship between the Unions and the Labour Party (he foresees a great improvement); about memories of Ernest Bevin, and what the T.U.C. and the 'bankers' said to Ramsay MacDonald; about strikes and management, and what we can learn from the Australian Labour Courts . . . his calm and mature judgments deserve a very wide hearing. They appear exclusively in The Observer.

Read Citrine on The Unions this Sunday in

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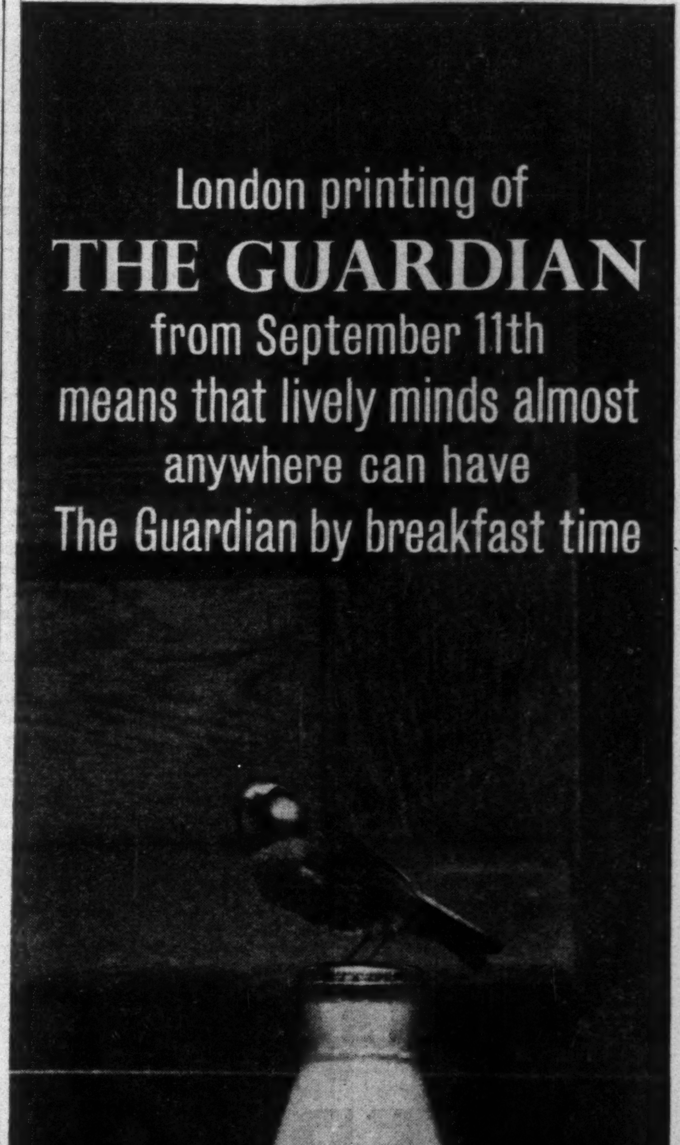
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We regret that newspaper reports of our annual general meeting this year laid emphasis upon the controversy which surrounds one particular subject to the virtual exclusion of the general content of the annual report which was before the meeting and which set out in some detail the important practical work undertaken by the Society.

J. HALL
Chief Secretary

RSPCA

THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND

SIR, – May I register a protest against the attribution to me by Mr Crossman of opinions which I do not hold?

He quotes from my *Pattern of Communist Revolution* the words 'can be met only by the possession of overwhelming military force'. These words referred specifically to 'the external threat'. I had in the preceding sentence distinguished between three aspects of 'resistance to Stalinism' (the words were written about the time of Stalin's death) – 'external defence, internal defence and the treatment of social conditions', to which I then devoted in turn some pages.

So much for the context of the words. As for their meaning, it is – and my opinion has long been and still is – not that 'overwhelming military force' is the *only* resource with which the Communist totalitarian threat can be met, but that *only if* the West possesses such force can it meet the threat. Other resources (political, economic and moral), to be used within western societies and in their relations with other societies – Communist, uncommitted or other – are equally necessary, but are *not sufficient without* military force. Are these distinctions not intelligible to my former philosophy tutor?

Mr Crossman also quotes the words 'Third Force manoeuvring and neutralism invite disaster'. These, as should be apparent in the context, refer to western countries. Neutralism, in my view, would be a disastrous policy for Britain and the other Nato countries. It would be disastrous for West Germany except in the extremely improbable event of neutralisation of all Germany and all eastern Europe together with an effectively guaranteed Soviet withdrawal from this area. It has not been, and is not, my view that neutralism 'invites disaster' in the case of such countries as India or Egypt, even if it is inconvenient to western interests.

These views I have expressed (no doubt in pedestrian style, and possibly with 'unconscious arrogance') on countless occasions in recent years, in published writings, lectures and conversations (including the occasional pleasure of conversations with Mr Crossman). In the small popular booklet *The New Imperialism*, which Mr Crossman also mentions in his article, and which is concerned with the historical record to date rather than with attitudes to the present crisis, there nevertheless occurs, two pages from the end, the following sentence:

> The new imperialism can be withstood only by combining military strength with political and social action, with economic and educational policies which cannot be disussed in the present short work.

Public discussion of world politics in Britain today is enormously confused by the antics of twin teams of one-eyed prophets, each busily toiling to mislead the blind. One team argues that salvation can come from economic aid to underdeveloped societies and from political friendship with neutrals, and that military defence is unnecessary. The other team declares that bigger defence budgets are all we need. What does Mr Crossman think? I am distressed to find that he has mistakenly placed me in the second of these teams. I should be still more distressed if it transpired that he had joined the first team himself.

HUGH SETON-WATSON

8 Burghley Road
SW19

NO WAR OVER BERLIN

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WHY SINGAPORE MATTERS

SIR, – Mr Strachey is now somewhat hysterically anxious that Singapore should merge with the Federation. It is a pity the Labour government did not think so in 1947, when Malayan socialists were urging that the separation of Singapore would lead to grave difficulties.

In place of analysis of the facts, the infallible recipe of 'expert' comment on Malaya is to beat the drums of Communism and communalism. These 'experts' have consistently put their shirts on the party in power in Singapore, from C. C. Tan to Lee Kuan Yew, darkly predicting that the left opposition (soon itself to assume power) was communistic. The leftward trend has been viewed with consternation, instead of being recognised as the result of pressures which Labour should be supporting rather than resisting. And sure enough, here is Mr Strachey, reaching for the drums, within a few days of the formation of the new party. He describes it as 'Communist or pro-Communist elements . . . joined by various, politically somewhat nondescript, public men'. Can one realise from this patronising insolence that he is describing 13 of the remaining 39 PAP Assemblymen, 14 key PAP officials, and the main PAP support in the trade unions?

Mr Strachey's article confirms that the real purpose of the 'Malaysia' plan is to put into the hands of the reactionary Federation government the task of stopping the leftward trend in Singapore which has, because of the PAP's failure to carry out the policy on which it was elected to office, slipped out of Lee Kuan Yew's hands. He implies that, if the Socialist Front is elected on a popular mandate to reject the Malaysia plan, he would support suspension of the constitution. He says that this is 'hardly possible . . . except as a stop-gap measure', but since his only alternative is war in South-East Asia, there can be no doubt where he stands. One earnestly hopes that his views are not shared by those responsible in the Labour Party for a decision on this.

If the people of Singapore vote against the Malaysia plan (and it is just possible they will not be allowed an opportunity to do so), they will do so, not because they are Chinese or Communist, but because they want freedom through merger, and are not prepared to fling themselves with glad cries into the detention camps of the Federation on Dr Goh's instructions. They will do so because the real 'stop-gap measure' is independence for Singapore, as a stage in the creation of the necessary conditions for a genuinely independent united Malaya.

This means, first and foremost, the withdrawal of the British presence throughout Malaya. The Socialist Fronts on both sides of the Causeway are demanding this. Will Labour listen to these Socialist voices, support this programme for Malayan unity and independence, and turn its face to the future in South-East Asia? Or are the drums too loud?

JOHN EBER

374 Grays Inn Road
WC1

AGATE AS CRITIC

SIR, – Can V. S. Pritchett really have read or re-read James Agate's dramatic criticism with a responsible reviewer's care before dismissing him as 'a wordmonger and an exhibitionist'? No fool pretends that Agate flew consistently as high as Hazlitt, Shaw and McCarthy. But could any fool, acquainted (say) with the sections on Ibsen, Chekhov and Priestley in *Red Letter Nights*, conscientiously hold that these notices show 'no great respect for playwrights'? There is a legend, in danger of being perpetuated by the lazy, that Agate was more concerned with a play's performance than with its creation. In fact if the play held anything of interest, he would by inclination devote 85 per cent of his space to its analysis and then lament that the exigencies of Sunday journalism left him too little room for the performers. Very many of these analyses (has Mr Pritchett bothered to read the one beginning 'Ibsen's *Master Builder* is like a two-storey house whose inhabitants should eat, drink and sleep on the ground floor while doing their thinking upstairs'?) are as sensitive as anything by McCarthy and as succinctly acute as the best in Shaw – of whose later plays Agate once wrote: 'That metaphysical old cook will take a kettleful of ideas and so heat them on the fire of his wit that they boil over, leaving hardly any play behind.'

To say that 'the general run of his criticism . . . always had far more hi-jinks in it than notice of play' is as false as Mr Pritchett's spelling of 'high jinks' or his convenient notion (which emboldens him to state a purely speculative chip-on-the-shoulder theory as incontrovertible fact) that Giggleswick was any more a Grammar school than Shrewsbury.

Agate did not, of course, neglect performance or production; and provided that enthusiasm spurred him, could incomparably *re-create* good theatre for the reader who had not been there – as when he wrote of Oliver Messel's white helmet-plumes splashed with vermilion in Cochran's *Helen* that it was as though Jupiter's nose had bled; or of Leslie Henson looking like a moth whose eyeballs were about to explode through eating too much tapestry. Was this word-mongering? Or exhibitionism? Or simply good writing of a durable sort that deserves to be recollected with gratitude at a time when so much of our dramatic criticism has achieved its ephemeral nadir?

PAUL DEHN

19 Bramerton Street, SW3

SPENDING A PENNY

SIR, – Lord Montagu is putting the cart before the horse if he thinks that a charge of threepence will put an end to vandalism in the Ladies. The reason why women get an urge to wreck these places is that they resent being charged at all; an added frustration being that one is not always in possession at the crucial moment of the essential coin, let alone a specimen sufficiently flawless to satisfy the machinery.

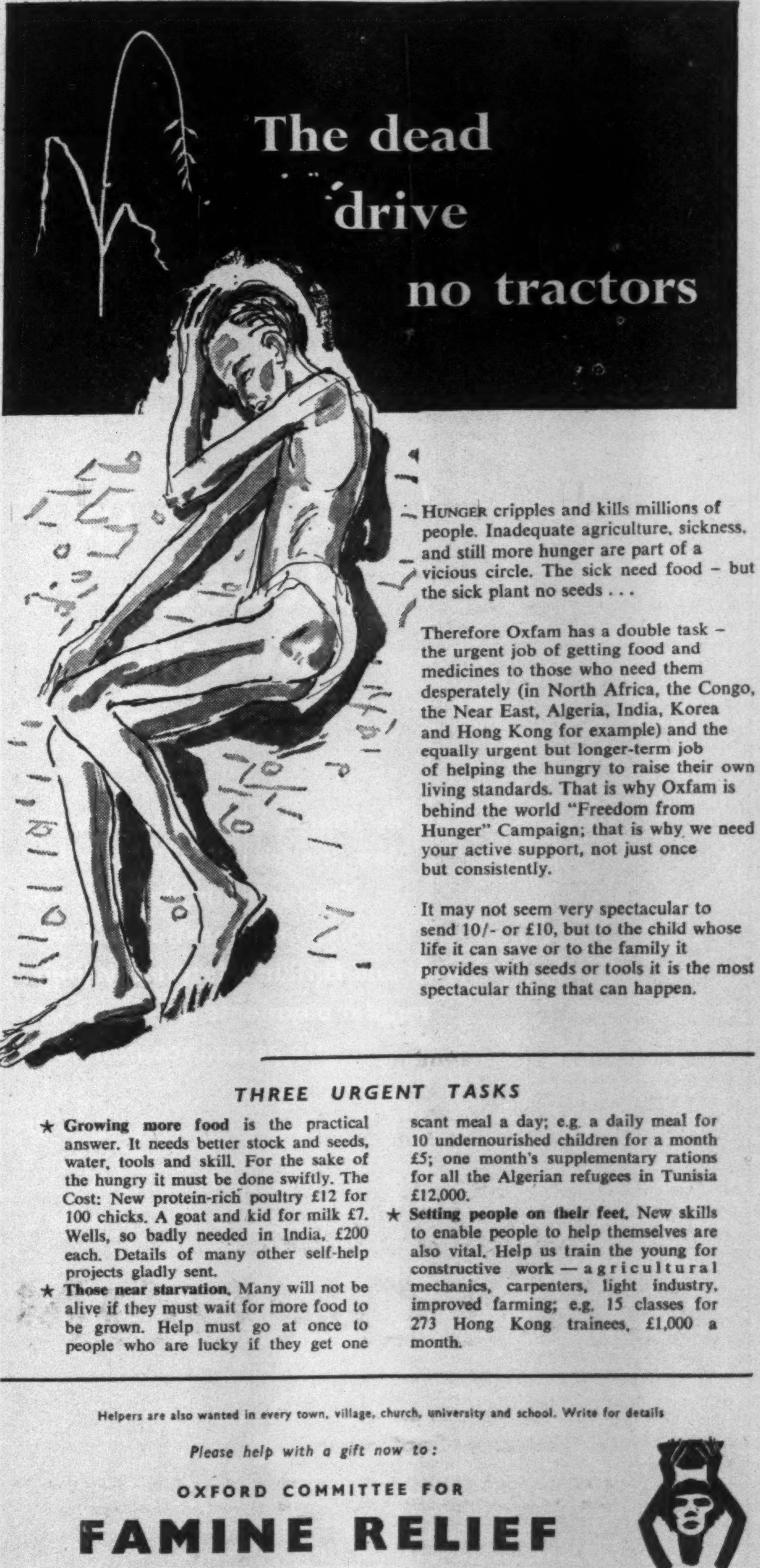
In any case it appears to me that his 500,000 ladies would have been morally within their rights if they had razed the place to the ground – they had already covered the cost and his lordship was left with a small profit in hand.

I am not much surprised that he cannot obtain attendants, unless he was offering very good wages. The continental guardian works mainly for tips, and provides all manner of extra services (use of needle and thread, etc.) at her own expense; but people are not likely to give tips where they have already had to pay an entrance fee. A lot of women would as soon tip a helpful attendant threepence for clean and well-kept toilet facilities as put a penny in the slot for the privilege of entering a dirty and neglected WC, but they will not do both. Where they are obliged to pay they expect decent conditions as of right.

I have been to country pubs and transport 'caffs' where all they have to offer is a little shack down the yard, but this clean and decent – and *free*. I don't doubt that it remains clean and decent because it is free, and the users appreciate that the owners are doing their best with the resources at their disposal, whereas when a lavishly equipped place is installed, with charges, the customers are apt to conclude that if the proprietor could afford to lash out on such a scale he might equally well have afforded a more modest installation, free.

If Lord Montagu thinks so well of the users of the Gents, let him try fitting a turnstile at their door also and making them pay 1d to go in, and see if their behaviour remains as exemplary as heretofore.

In certain countries the citizen has the right to knock on any door, or enter any shop, and demand to use the WC, and this must not be refused, on grounds of public health and decency. In England all sorts of expensive and



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complicated services are provided free under the National Health Service, but this basic and essential point of hygiene is still regarded as a sphere of exploitation for private or municipal money-making.

NORAH LEGGATT

10 Stowe House
Victoria Parade
Broadstairs, Kent

CHEF'S CHOICE

SIR, – Edward Hyams's comments on the fact that the prize-winning vegetables at village flower shows are so often unsuitable for good eating remind me that a year ago I published a letter in our local newspaper offering to put up a prize for a competition I called 'Chef's Choice'.

I suggested that competitors should be invited to show a tray of any four vegetables sufficient in quantity for a dinner party of four persons. The judging was to be done by two Cordon Bleu chefs, who would award the prize to whichever exhibit they would choose, as chefs cooking the dinner. I offered a prize for this competition to any flower show within a radius of ten miles of my village. There were no takers.

If you will co-operate by publishing this letter I now offer three prizes each of £3.3s. to the committee of any village flower show in the United Kingdom willing to put on a 'Chef's Choice' competition in 1962. Applications for these prizes should be made by letter signed by either the chairman, secretary or treasurer of the flower show committee and sent to me at the address below. The closing date for applications is 30 September 1961, and if on that date there are more than three applicants, the three beneficiaries of the offer will be chosen by lot.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

Hartfield House
Headley
Bordon, Hants

THE AGE OF CHURCHILL

SIR, – Critics, such as Mr Randolph Churchill, who follow the prevailing fashion of devoting most of their reviews to the exposure of trivial mistakes they have spotted, must surely be more than usually careful of their own accuracy. Miss Plowden married the second, not the third, Earl of Lytton.

MARY LUTYENS

2 Hyde Park Street, W2

HIS ENGLAND

SIR, – Am I the only man living who has originated two entries in 'This England'?

Your issue dated 23 August contained an advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* referring to the late James Dean in the film *East of Eden* which I drafted in my capacity as publicity director of Warner-Pathe Distributors.

When I was a fledgling reporter on the *Acton Gazette* – in September, 1943 – I telephoned a story to the Press Association which found its way into the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. It had to do with the usher at Acton Magistrate's Court (a Mr Roache, if I remember rightly) who had acted as steward to Mr Churchill – as he then was – on his way home from the Boer War. Well, two wars later, Mr Roache was keeping hens, one of which, on the day Italy surrendered, laid an egg with a 'V' sign imprinted on it.

An observant Glaswegian sent this item to 'This England' and I came across it when I was standing at a counter in Acton public library. Those were the days when I couldn't afford to buy my own copy of the NEW STATESMAN – despite the five shillings' lineage I got from the PA for this story.

Would that my present contributions to the Week-end Competition could meet with equal success.

LEONARD SAMSON

70 Kings Road
Windsor

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Digging the Present

DAN JACOBSON

To read Mr Colin MacInnes's collection of essays, *England, Half English**, is to be reminded how few writers there are nowadays who are prepared even to attempt what should be the writer's first task: simply, to tell us how we live. We have a great many people who are only too willing to lecture and hector us; many who sidle up to us with a wink and shuffle to give us the lowdown on life in a big advertising agency, say, or a minor public school, or a madhouse; innumerable writers who will tell us, at the drop of a hat, all about the significance of their own lives. But it is unusual to find anyone who will bother to look at the way we walk and dress and take our holidays, who will listen to the music that erupts from our loudspeakers, who will try patiently and assiduously to see if he can learn anything about himself from the crowds, you and I among them, who swarm on the pavement outside his window.

It is almost obligatory when one is writing in an English journal to insist that 'the English' are far worse than anyone else in whatever one is deploring; but in fact a peevish, disgusted lack of interest in the conditions of our everyday lives is to be found among some of the most highly regarded American writers, too. One feels, as one reads and reads, that writers have altogether lost their curiosity about the pleasures and tribulations of private, particular lives; that they no longer believe in the *possibility* of anyone leading a life which is both unsensational and decent. Granted, the chances of anyone leading such a life undisturbed have indeed been shrinking with a horrifying rapidity ever since the First World War; but one would like to see a little more true regret, even grief, that this should be so. Instead, we have a chorus of minatory voices proclaiming that we live so badly, messily, hopelessly, that only God or the hypodermic needle can possibly save us. Or damn us and have done with it.

If there is any hope at all, it surely lies in the restoration to us of a sense of the value and variety, the toughness and fragility, of the lives that nevertheless continue to be lived in the Waste Land; if we are to talk of 'commitment' on the part of the creative writer, we should ask of him that he should commit himself to that elementary task. One would turn naturally to the novel in hope of seeing the task performed, but the novel no longer seems able to do it. The most gifted among our novelists, both here and in the United States, strand their characters on desert islands, or send them on quests to a mythical 'Africa', or make them perform complicated sexual gyrations in Chelsea; for all the effectiveness with which these territories are described, they remain in the end dismayingly remote from the streets in which we ourselves live, whether in London or Lagos. Increasingly, we find that the work which the novel should be doing is being done by the essay, once the most tired and genteel of literary forms, but now, it seems, the most open and adventurous – at least in the hands of a few practitioners, among whom Mr MacInnes is conspicuous.

One of the immediate attractions of the present collection is that it ranges over so many areas of experience: Mr MacInnes writes, among other things, about the art of Sydney Nolan and the 'Englishness of Dr Pevsner'; about the career of that extraordinary Australian, General Monash (and suggests that it was because of Monash that D. H. Lawrence, in *Kangaroo*, pictured as a Jew the political leader after whom the book is named); about the author's eccentric 'first cousin twice removed', Aunt Trix, who happened to be the sister of Rudyard Kipling, and who used to speak to the birds in the Edinburgh Zoo; about the novels of Oscar Wilde's loyal friend, Ada Leverson; by far the longest single essay in the book is a piece of reportage and reflection on a visit made to Nigeria, shortly before the country's independence was proclaimed. In addition, there is a kind of linking narration, in which the author discusses the circumstances under which some of the essays were written, and the intentions he had in mind in writing them. (This is a risky device to use, and in the present case it does not always justify itself. Though Mr MacInnes is able to make many valuable observations, which would otherwise have had to go unsaid, as in his comments on Orwell quoted below, the effect of others among these remarks is to give the book the appearance of being much chattier, more 'personal' in the wrong sense, than it really is.)

I have mentioned the above essays first, not only because I believe them to be, quite clearly, the best and most satisfying in the book; but also because there is a danger that they might go relatively unnoticed, among the other essays which are more topical in nature. In fact, topicality is the least of the demands we should make of the kind of essay whose present and potential usefulness I have tried to suggest. Far more important than topicality are zest, generosity and independence of mind: qualities which are all to be found in the scheme and detail of these essays. However, Mr MacInnes's reputation being what it is, I have no doubt that most readers will turn first to those pieces in which he discusses some of the themes treated in his last three novels: in particular to those which deal with the West African and West Indian communities in England, and with the music, clothes, spare-time activities and *Weltanschauung* of our teenage population.

Writing of Orwell, Mr MacInnes says:

> It was he who taught us to see how English popular art could be made to reveal an England of which 'educated' persons, as well as those who made and enjoyed these pop art works, were all largely unaware. His triumph in this virgin sector was due as much to his sensibility as to his mind; he never, as prying 'sociological' writers do, stood outside his crude endearing raw material: he liked the seaside postcards and boys' mags even as he dissected them. I think that Orwell's critical imagination was as superb as his 'creative' imagination was defective . . .

In this way, Mr MacInnes defines the tradition in which he would wish the work of his own 'critical imagination' to be judged. It's relevant to point out here that Mr MacInnes has the advantages of being both an insider and an outsider in England: as he implies, he is 'Half English'. From the book it appears that part of his boyhood and youth were spent in England, and part in Australia: he is thus able to enjoy something of the classlessness of the colonial visitor in this country; at the same time he does not have a trace of those two crippling, complementary prepossessions – awe and resentment – which confuse the reactions of so many colonials to England and English institutions. And as a result of his openness and receptivity, he has been able to arrive at many individual, fresh insights into the way British society is adapting itself to what he calls 'the chief hard imperatives of imperial contraction, and of educational and industrial expansion'.

I must confess, however, that I am not really set at rest by the group of essays in which Mr MacInnes draws his social and moral inferences from the various manifestations of popular culture which he has examined. This is not simply because I disagree with certain of his explicit conclusions – for example, he overestimates the general and literary importance of the so-called 'breakthrough' by such dramatists as John Osborne or Shelagh Delaney onto the West End stage. The difficulty is, rather, that while Mr MacInnes goes as far and as hard as he can in certain directions, it seems to me that occasionally he does so at the cost of leaving others, of equal importance, almost entirely unexplored.

The instance which comes most readily to mind is his treatment of the emergence during the affluent Fifties of a new teenage market, and of the clothing, soft-drink, gramophone record and cosmetic industries which cater for this market. It may be, he suggests, that the 'two nations' of England are no longer the rich and the poor, but the adult and the teenager. And what are they like, these teenagers? Mr MacInnes's opinion is that they are much more classless than any of the older age-groups; that they are indifferent, rather than actively hostile, to the Establishment; that they are not Americanised and yet that they are more internationally-minded than the older generations; that they are more mature than adolescents once were, and cleaner in their personal habits; that they don't drink and that their sex life is not particularly 'immoral'; and that, in general, they're gayer than English people seem to have been for 50 years at least. 'This is, on the whole,' Mr MacInnes concludes, 'an optimistic view.'

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* *MacGibbon & Kee. 18s.*

> But it would be equally possible to see, in the teenage neutralism and indifference to politics, and self-sufficiency, and instinct for enjoyment – in short, in their kind of happy mindlessness – the raw material for crypto-fascisms of the worst kind.

This brings one up short. Surely, if Mr MacInnes is right in his earlier conclusions, it shouldn't be possible to see the worst kinds of crypto-fascism stemming from, or making use of, habits and traits of character which, in general, are shown to us as life-enhancing. Either Mr MacInnes is altogether misguided in making this later suggestion; or, as I believe, he has just not presented to us the full evidence about teenage life. And what has been left out, I would say, are questions of politics and power – precisely those questions, it may be added, towards whose resolution George Orwell ultimately directed his remarks.

Mr MacInnes declares that the teenagers are a power today, because of the spending money they have in their hands; but he does not sufficiently analyse the terms and conditions of that power. And my own feeling is that if we were to analyse it, we would no longer be able to apply the term 'power' to whatever it is that the teenagers now possess. The teenagers, as Mr MacInnes considers them, are primarily consumers; and it is an open question whether or not any consumer has much power over what is offered to him and what he accepts. It is undeniable that new industries have sprung into being to cater to the teenagers, but these industries, and especially those in the communications field, are owned and managed by the same groups who have made the adult world what it is.

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HEINEMANN

'Never before, I'm convinced,' writes Mr MacInnes, 'has the younger generation been so *different* from its elders.' Yet we already have evidence to suggest that those same elders who are so indulgent in giving treats to the teenagers will yield their positions of real responsibility and power only when the differences between them and their successors have been cut down to vanishing point. And it may be that while the 'mindlessness' which Mr MacInnes remarks upon will never lead to anything as violent as fascism, it does lead very rapidly to acquiescence, acceptance, and submission.

I do not wish to suggest here that there is any conspiracy afoot in England today against youth: or at any rate no more of a conspiracy than there always is, in any society. But I do think that Mr MacInnes, who so well conveys his delight in the vivacity of the young people he sees in the streets around him, is inclined to write too little about the inertia and the stubbornness of the society these young people will unavoidably inherit.

Going to Battle

The Phoney War. By E. S. TURNER. *Michael Joseph. 21s.*

Mr E. S. Turner, an indefatigable researcher into the by-ways of social history, has chosen the Phoney War for his latest subject. It was certainly an eerie enough episode at the time, and in retrospect seems even more so. When the sirens inadvertently sounded on 3 September 1939, after Neville Chamberlain's creaking broadcast announcement of a state of war, everyone expected the Luftwaffe to begin operations. We had been told by the experts, Mr Turner recalls, that 'the initial air attack on London would last sixty days, and that 600,000 persons would be killed and twice that many injured.' They were wrong as usual.

Into the vacuum created by the war's failure to start the Government poured a whole lot of regulations, orders, rhetoric, and other manifestations of a fighting spirit which it did not feel. It was as indomitable in enforcing a black-out as it was reluctant to bomb Krupps. The reason advanced, according to Mr Leopold Amery, for thus refraining from damaging an important part of the Nazis' arsenal was that 'Krupps was private property.' A gasworks would have been permissible.

This, and many other like bizarreries, Mr Turner records in an agreeably factual and drily ironical manner. He is particularly good on the attitudes of religious leaders. There was, for instance, a controversy between the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as to whether it was appropriate to pray for victory. Both were in favour of going to war, but whereas Canterbury considered that God's help might legitimately be sought for our side, York took the view that, since there were fellow-Christians in Germany, 'we must avoid praying each other down.' As Mr Turner remarks, these dissensions 'did not make for unanimity in humbler pulpits.'

The spiritualists were in even graver trouble. Silver Birch, White Eagle, Moon Trail and a number of other highly regarded Red Indian guides had all been unanimously of the opinion that there would be no war. Even the dead Lord Northcliffe had come through in the same sense – in this, as Mr Turner points out, agreeing with the living Lord Beaverbrook. The editor of *World Science and Psychic Review*, clearly the Winston Churchill of Spiritualism, stated that his own Inspirers in the Beyond had for long been intimating that there would be a war. He had, he alleged, been prevented by the Spiritualist Establishment from passing on their warning. In the end the guides, like many a Chamberlainite Conservative, recovered their prestige, presumably by throwing themselves into the war effort. It would be interesting to know what their line on the Berlin crisis is.

A diverting controversy arose over the sound of the sirens. There was a demand in the House of Commons for 'a more musical and martial note, something in the nature of a post-horn or a bugle call.' The Bishop of Chelmsford 'advocated a gay cock-a-doodle-do, repeated half a dozen times, which he thought more likely to keep people's courage up.' Another suggestion was that, in addition to the all-clear, 'police should start the National Anthem.' One would like to have heard this.

Some of the instructions issued from Whitehall were decidedly arduous. Farmers, for instance, were instructed in the event of their meadows being sprayed with mustard gas or lewisite,

> to lead the blistered cattle to the place of decontamination, to wash them down with rags soaked in petrol or paraffin, to march them through footbaths of bleach paste, to rub their sores with bleach ointment and to sponge out their eyes with a solution of bicarbonate of soda.

The tail was to be secured 'by holding or tying, first dusting it with bleaching powder or dipping it in bleach solution.'

Mr Turner contents himself with expertly recording the Phoney War's many absurdities, which seemed, and seem, one of the more spectacular exhibitions of human fatuity. Actually, there were no fewer absurdities when the war ceased to be phoney. Then, however, they passed largely unnoticed. Bloodshed transformed an Aldwych farce into highfalutin drama; planes carrying bombs instead of leaflets ceased to be derisory, and exhortations to the effect that '*Your* Courage, *Your* Cheerfulness, *Your* Resolution will Bring *Us* Victory' yielded place to Churchillian rhetoric. The joke turned sour.

One cannot but wonder how the pretence of waging war could have been maintained as long as it was. It used to be a joke at the camp where I was stationed that my week-end railway warrant was made out 'for the purpose of going to Battle.' Even at that late hour, it seemed possible to many that the war which had begun never would begin. Chamberlain, still Prime Minister, undoubtedly entertained vague hopes that, having drawn his umbrella, he might yet be able to sheath it again without any violence being done. Hitler, had he but known it, could have kept all his gains, and retained Stalin as his faithful associate. The Phoney War, but for him, might have gone on for ever. In a sense, it has.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Kennan as Moralist

Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin. By GEORGE KENNAN. *Hutchinson.* 40*s*.

Mr Kennan is the most distinguished living writer on Soviet affairs in any Western country. He has a long and varied experience as a diplomat. His volumes on Soviet-American relations in the first years of the Bolshevik regime place him firmly in the front rank of diplomatic historians – even judging by narrow professional criteria. His literary gifts are also remarkable. He can make his characters live and bring scenes and situations vividly before the reader's imagination. Underlying his prose is a restrained but unmistakable moral passion. Indeed Kennan is perhaps even more a moralist than he is a diplomat or historian. Yet his emphasis on the interests of states and government, and his dislike of political rhetoric, have earned him in some quarters a reputation for indifference to moral issues in politics.

What Kennan abhors is not morality but self-righteousness, which is – in somewhat different forms – the besetting sin of both democratic and communist foreign policy, especially of course in wartime or in periods of acute danger of war. It is precisely the verbal inflation of moralising rhetoric, and the prostitution of moral fervor to suit temporary political aims, which have caused politicians to show even greater practical contempt for morality in our age than was customary in the last three or four centuries. Kennan does not claim, like some historians of the Soviet Union, to stand above good and evil, and to look with Olympian condescension on the antics of silly little human insects. If he believes that the historical destiny of the human race is something bigger than the interests of classes or of national movements, this is not for lack of understanding of nationalism or of the class struggle. He has nothing in common with the pre-Marxist doctrinaires who are still to be found in his country and in ours. But those who think that by pointing to the existence of class and national struggles they have said all that can be said of the human condition awake in Mr Kennan a melancholy compassion.

This new book, based on lectures given in Oxford and Harvard, shows all its author's great qualities. It is not – nor does Mr Kennan claim, though his publishers imply, that it is – a survey of the relations between Russia and the West from 1917 to 1945. The best chapters are those dealing with the Bolshevik Revolution and the Civil War. A good deal of attention is given to the early 1920s, after which the author jumps to the age of Hitler. Apart from a rather scrappy chapter on the events of the 1920s in China, there is hardly a word on the years between 1923 and 1933. In practice 'The West' to Mr Kennan seems to mean the United States and Germany, the two countries which, in addition to the Soviet Union itself, he best knows. France, the leading 'Western' Power between the world wars, is barely mentioned. There is a chapter on Soviet-British relations which is curiously unbalanced. While discussing the policy of Ramsay MacDonald towards the USSR and the Zinoviev letter affair, he makes no reference to the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee or to the Soviet attitude to the General Strike of 1926.

Essentially this book is a study of the attitudes of the Soviet leaders and Western

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leaders to each other at those periods when events brought them most closely into contact whether as enemies or as allies. Mr Kennan brilliantly analyses the irrelevance to each other of the Soviet and Western ways of thinking – the fantastic egocentricity of Bolshevik opinion, which has always assumed that other governments were preoccupied above all with the phenomenon of Bolshevism, that 'the capitalists' were interested in little else except the destruction of 'the first socialist state'; and the no less fantastic obsession of the Western democracies, in both world wars, with their own propaganda image of their war effort as embodying all the forces of righteousness. It is far from Mr Kennan's intention to deny the evil nature of Hitler, or the aggressive designs of William II's Empire. But he points out calmly and clearly the consequences of the punitive peace of 1919 and the 'unconditional surrender' policy of 1944-1945.

Perhaps the most original section of the book is his interpretation of the Great Purge of 1936-1938, and the fluctuations of Soviet policy towards the Western Powers and Nazi Germany between 1935 and 1939, in terms of Stalin's personal sensitivity to criticism and his personal fear of his potential rivals, including the powerless and exiled Trotsky. It must be said that there is – and indeed can be – no firm evidence in support of Mr Kennan's view, but it does not conflict with the known facts and is most persuasively presented.

The last chapter, of general reflection on the relationship between the Soviet Union and the West, is not on the same high level as the rest of the book. Probably composed about two years ago, it is somewhat dated. It is hardly necessary to argue that war is no way to remove the threat of Soviet totalitarianism, for no one in any responsible position in the West believes that it is. Even at the height of the Dulles era one may doubt if anyone held this view. The book's last observations are in themselves quite unobjectionable, if rather dull, but they may give some encouragement to those who believe, not just that military strength is not the only, or not even the most important, defence against the threat (which is surely true), but that military defence is not necessary (which is a dangerous illusion). Mr Kennan never says this, but the emphasis in his last chapter may mislead superficial or naive readers.

HUGH SETON-WATSON

Because We're Here

Karakoram. By FOSCO MARAINI. *Hutchinson.* £3.

Mountaineers, when you meet them in the mountains, the huts or pubs, and when they are not manically boring each other with stories of their exploits, are an agreeable, intelligent lot; more so, in fact, than any other sporting group. For climbing is a game which, of necessity, is begun late: before a certain age you are simply not strong enough. So its training grounds are the universities. It is as much the game of the intellectual professions – science, medicine, teaching – as golf is of business. And climbers are not only literate as a class, one or two of them are even literary: Leslie Stephen, I. A. Richards, de Selincourt, Michael Roberts.

It is odd, then, that although climbing has inspired an infinite number of books, it has produced, unlike its first cousin, polar exploration, almost no real literature. Personally, I am passionately addicted to the game of rock-climbing; yet, technical interest apart, I find most mountaineering books unreadable and a large proportion wholly insufferable.

Fosco Maraini's *Karakoram*, for example. This account of the ascent of Gasherbrum IV should have made a good book. Maraini is an experienced writer, with works on Tibet and Japan to his credit; his scope is wide, not just a single peak but a whole area, its people and customs; he has taken some of the most beautiful photographs I have ever seen in a climbing book; the climb itself was a major achievement, as difficult as the Mustagh Tower, but much higher; and the hero is Walter Bonatti, one of the two greatest climbers in the world – the other is the Englishman, Joe Brown.

Yet from these promising ingredients Maraini has cooked up the most conventional pot-boiler. I wonder if the reason isn't something more than the fact that he writes in the language of the bad American travelogue; if, rather, there are vices in the climbing myth itself which make people write badly?

The first is what is known in the trade as 'The Spirit of the Hills'; that is, the cult of the mountains in themselves. Of course, some mountain scenery – though by no means all of it – *is* very beautiful and the vast scale of the Asian peaks must make them peculiarly impressive. But you don't climb the things for the view. Mallory's famous reason, 'Because it's there', is just another way of saying, 'Because we're here'. One of the fascinations of the mountains is their impersonality; people climb, in part, to get away from themselves. This makes the sexual anthropomorphism seem particularly stupid:

> Let K2 be Emperor and crown; Broad Peak a Queen Mother so greedy for the cream cakes at her glacial ceremonies that thrones crack beneath her august avoirdupois; Gasherbrum is sword and hero, lover and cavalier, swan-white grace.

This is not only the same language as the cheap novelette, it is also the same kind of evasion. It reminded me of Auden's lines:

> By landscape reminded of his mother's figure,
> The mountains, he remembers, get bigger and bigger.

Whatever the mountains are, they are not figures of High Romance. To pretend they are falsifies the whole business of mountaineering.

The second vice is that of jocular masculinity, the evasion of false heartiness. In all fairness, Maraini tries at times to dispel this note. Gasherbrum IV was no jolly adventure; the tensions between a group of men isolated for three months in conditions of extreme fatigue and hardship were almost intolerable. And the author admits as much. But he implies that the outbursts were at heart just so much charming Italian demonstrativeness, all rather brave and endearing. In fact, he sentimentalises them. I don't believe him. The flare-ups, instead, are projections – magnified by the duration and seriousness of the expedition – of the tension behind all mountaineering: that stretching of the nerves in order to face discomfort and danger to just short of the point at which they snap. Achievement on a mountain is produced by this tension and the snapping, however temporary, is a painful but necessary risk, in itself part of the achievement. Both processes, in short, have their own dignity. They do not need the excuse of sentimentality.

This leads to vice number three: a stock W. E. Henley ideal of bravery:

> That troop really consists of men whose cheeks are hollowed by privation; their beards have grown to an inordinate length; their eyes are haunted; they shout and swear. And yet . . . in spite of it all, they have their moments when their silence means something more than irritability. They too can be moved, deeply moved, and their spirit can make a brief escape from the bondage of their harness.

Of course these men were very brave. But they were not, as Maraini calls them, 'stupendous beasts'. Bravery is not a question of cutting a figure – at least, not at the time. It is, instead, a question of having the strength and the skill for the job and being determined to use them: a mixture of dogged endurance and simply not caring.

The trouble, then, with *Karakoram* is that Maraini, for all his experience, has adopted that operatic stance which is the outsider's attitude to climbing. It is the attitude which makes even the simplest climbs look impossibly dangerous from down below. Now the conquest of Gasherbrum IV was an immense achievement and Bonatti's relatively cool description of the final pitches is proportionately impressive. But the facts speak for themselves; they need only a certain purity of presentation. For the mountain was climbed only because a group of men went through the noise barrier – that over-excitement or suppressed hysteria – which comes between the sport of mountaineering and its public, literary image. Maraini, however, who went no higher than Camp III (in itself a minor conquest for a man in his late forties), has not broken through the barrier. And *Karakoram* suffers accordingly.

A. ALVAREZ

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Quaker Qualities

Seebohm Rowntree. By ASA BRIGGS. *Longmans.* 30*s*.

How could a Quaker from the provinces remain a leading member of the Establishment of England for very nearly 50 years? A rich man, Seebohm Rowntree has been the country's greatest student of the poor. A businessman, he always called for more industrial democracy, and what he preached he practised in his own Cocoa Works. A lifelong Liberal, he contributed as much as any one person to the programme on which the Labour Party won the 1945 Election. The 'national minimum', which was the main idea behind the Welfare State, stemmed from the early studies which he made in York and Booth made in London. How can one account for a man who exerted such power through influence alone?

Asa Briggs, in this thorough, lucid book, which is itself an outline history of modern social policy, has provided part of the explanation. If Rowntree were a young man to-day he would probably have been pressed forward to a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge. By the time he became a Master of Arts his criticisms of society would have been neatly sanded down. As it was, Seebohm was brought up at York, less in the shadow of the Cathedral than of the Works, where his admirable father, Joseph Rowntree, was already introducing one reform after another. In 1891 he appointed a lady to 'take charge of the girl staff's health, behaviour, etc.'. That etc. included the pork pies and cocoa which were later served out when overtime had to be worked. Seebohm went on from being a day-boy at Bootham School to study chemistry at Owen's College, Manchester, and to live in a Quaker hall of residence. He had the drive of dissent behind him. He combined the Quaker qualities, conscience and common sense.

His conscience kept him hard at work from 1889 to 1954. Whatever was wrong, it was Seebohm's duty to help put it right. The working classes were living in dingy slums, where only the public house was 'brightly lit and doing a great trade'. So he continued to foster the model village at New Earswick (with its brightly lit co-educational school) which his father had started, and in 1917 took part in preparing the plan which launched local authorities on building houses with the aid of government subsidies. Agricultural labourers were the most oppressed members of the working classes. So he worked up for Lloyd George several volumes of a massive Land Enquiry in the years before 1914. He once wrote to his father, 'I have finished the Housing chapter at last. Lasker and I put in twelve hours at it the day before yesterday finishing a little after midnight'. He saw munitions factories of which a foreman could say that 'he would rather his daughter went to hell direct than through that factory'. Determined to improve conditions, he became Director of the Welfare Department at the Ministry of Munitions. After the war the country was rent by the General Strike, and so Rowntree made himself an unofficial conciliator between the government and A. J. Cook, the miners' leader. He very nearly brought off a settlement. Rowntree felt that great issues were always too important to be left to the specialist.

Many other men have had such a conscience. What made Rowntree so successful

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BARRIE & ROCKLIFF

as a reformer was his belief (which he shared with the Webbs) in the value of original and exact enquiry. He knew that facts were the best argument. In his classic book on *Poverty*, first published in 1901, there was little of the sour smell of poverty and little of the vividness that is to be found in the pre-1914 books of people like Mrs Pember Reeves or Alexander Paterson. But Rowntree knew that facts would tell in the end even if they became

> 3 bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and scullery. Rent 11s. 6d. Man aged 27, and wife 25, with child aged 6 months. The man oils and greases delivery vans three days a week, and is paid 18s. 2d. He goes on the dole for the rest of the week and gets 14s. 6d.
>
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Whatever subject he took up, from agriculture to leisure, from old age to unemployment, he made himself into a sort of private Royal Commission (except that he was much more effective) and with the help of a band of able assistants got out the facts and made them speak, even if it took years of non-stop work to do so.

Professor Briggs has done for Rowntree what Rowntree did for so many subjects. He set out to collect the facts about a man's work, rather than his life, and in this he has amply succeeded. Yet can we fully understand the work if we do not know the man? Professor Briggs quotes one critic of the second York survey, 'The reader leaves the survey knowing an immense number of facts about the people of York. . . . Nevertheless it cannot be said that he will know the people of York themselves.' I still do not feel I know this particular man of York.

MICHAEL YOUNG

GEORGE
KENNAN's
RUSSIA &
THE WEST

this?

'at a tragically inopportune moment'
PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, *Sunday Telegraph*

or this?

'could not have come at a more timely moment'
THE TIMES

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DAVID MARQUAND, *The Guardian* 40s.

Hutchinson

All Big Guns

From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow. Volume I. The Road to War 1904-1914. By ARTHUR J. MARDER. *Oxford*. 42*s*.

Professor Marder is the Ali Baba of historical studies. The Fifty Year Rule operates implacably against all other historians. It has no terrors for him. The rule lays down that no unpublished official papers may be used until they are 50 years old, even if ministers and service chiefs carried them off improperly and they are now in private collections. No English historian dare disregard this rule. Professor Marder, although an American, not only disregards it; he is abetted by the Admiralty which has given him the free run of its archives. He quotes freely from Admiralty documents and from the most secret papers submitted to the Committee of Imperial Defence. The royal archives at Windsor enable him to explore that still more forbidden field, the proceedings in the Cabinet itself. Yet nothing is likely to happen. Neither Professor Marder nor the Oxford University Press will be prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. He possesses a password, not vouchsafed to any other historian. Perhaps he does not appreciate the extent of his achievement. At any rate, he has been able to write a unique account of British naval policy before the first World War.

That policy was shaped by one man, Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord from 1904 to 1910. Fisher revolutionised the British navy almost single-handed. He found a navy of museum pieces, which spent its time performing maritime minuets. He scrapped ships, scrapped men almost as ruthlessly, and created an efficient modern instrument, ready to fight a modern war. His vision was limited. He prepared only for one sort of war: a formal engagement between two battlefleets. Hence he created the All Big Gun ship, and every year made both guns and ships bigger and bigger. These Dreadnoughts successfully dwarfed the German battlefleet, as they were meant to do. They were useless for any other purpose. When the war came, the two fleets exchanged shots for some six minutes at the battle of Jutland. Apart from this, they merely cancelled each other out. Most British Dreadnoughts never fired a shot in anger. Moreover Fisher, obsessed with the Armageddon which never happened, neglected almost every other aspect of naval warfare. The fleet was not trained in any tactic except the line of battle. It did not attempt night-fighting. Its shells were inferior to those of the Germans. On the outbreak of war it did not possess any protected bases in the North Sea. It had no efficient mines. It was short of cruisers to protect commerce. Few preparations had been made to operate a blockade against Germany; none to resist a German submarine-blockade against England (which, it is fair to say, the Germans had not envisaged before the war). Officers and men were supremely confident. This, though not always well-founded, was the greatest asset.

Fisher and, following him, the Admiralty thought in a vacuum. War meant for them an engagement with the German battlefleet, and nothing else. The generals of course were just as bad: they thought only of rushing over the British Expeditionary Force to join the left wing of the French army. Professor Marder draws a fascinating picture of the civilian ministers, trying to extract some combined strategy from these contradictions. It was all in vain. The two services fought two separate wars; and Fisher passed a terrible verdict on his own work when he wrote in 1917: 'can the army win the war before the navy loses it?' For policy in a wider sense, the Admiralty cared nothing: the problem of the German battlefleet was always treated in isolation. Though the Austro-Hungarian and even the Italian fleets were counted on the German side, there was great reluctance to admit that the Russian or French fleets might be on the side of the British. There was even stronger reluctance to accept any suggestion that the danger from the German battlefleet might be lessened by some other means than competitive building. The Admiralty was probably right about this. Once the German government began building a battlefleet, they were incapable of stopping, even though many of their leaders – the two chancellors, Bülow and Bethmann, and at the end even Tirpitz – wanted to do so. Still, given the situation in both countries, the attempt at a political agreement had to be made. Sir Llewellyn Woodward analysed this side of the subject with wonderful clarity nearly 30 years ago; and Professor Marder has little to add. Being a hero-worshipper of Fisher, though not of other admirals, he skates over the embarrassing story, revealed last year by Dr Gollin, of how Fisher briefed Garvin and the Unionist press against his own government during the great scare of 1909. He has one new piece of useful information. Having explored the German naval archives also, though not exhaustively, he is pretty confident that there was no German 'acceleration' of naval building. So much for 'we want eight and we won't wait'. It was all a false alarm, or maybe an excuse for giving the British navy an adequate margin of safety.

Fisher and the other admirals did their job to the best of their ability: they planned for security in peace and for victory in war. The Liberal government accepted policy from the service chiefs instead of devising one. Asquith, as usual, drifted with events; and his colleagues drifted with him. Berchtold asked flippantly in 1914: 'Who rules in Berlin?' After reading Professor Marder's book, one can ask with equal justice 'Who ruled in London?'

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Old Flames

The Improper Bohemians. By ALLEN CHURCHILL. *Cassell*. 18*s*.

The value of Mr Churchill's benign, if gingerly, account of the early days of New York's Greenwich Village is his rehabilitation of several men and women who do not deserve to be forgotten. Today, who knows of Margaret Anderson, the first (well prior to Sylvia Beach) to understand and raise up Joyce's *Ulysses* ('This is the most beautiful thing we'll ever have. We'll print it if it's the last effort of our lives.'), discoverer of Djuna Barnes and Hart Crane? Or jane heap, the indefatigable helper on Miss Anderson's *Little Review*, who could not bear to see her name in capital letters? Or Ferdinand Pinney Earle, the editor who grabbed the MS pages from a derisive colleague and was thereby the first to become excited (in 1912) by a poet from Maine who signed himself E. St Vincent Millay Esq? Or that unflagging genius of dilettantes, George Cram 'Jig' Cook, founder of O'Neill and 'the most durable contribution made by America's Left Bank to the American scene', the Provincetown Players?

Determinists in the audience may object that if not these, then someone else, sooner or later. But these *were* the ones who did it, with love and patience and disinterestedness, and sometimes were bigger and better people than the artists they recognised and fought for. Size is the key. The members of America's first (and, as it turned out, last) real bohemian establishment had – and flaunted – a stature and seriousness which was shamelessly Promethean. One cannot help but be impressed by the pretensions and the good will.

Greenwich Village, with its winding streets and leisurely, old-country flavour, was the first self-conscious art product of American capitalism. Its historical function was to serve as a home, and a focus, for the despair and indignation that had been building up since the end of the Civil War at the betrayal of some vague, bright dream. The 'bohemian' demand for freedom (of speech, experiment, love) was in essence a protest against a laissez faire system which was rubbing men raw, producing Populists on the land, Wobbly troublemakers in the mills and soap-boxers at Harvard.

Though their salons were run by the bored rich (and how whole-souled even their dabbling seems in retrospect!), and the Village rebels were themselves so often the guilt-stricken dependents of the Midwest bourgeoisie, politics and protest lay at the core of their activity. Today's beats (the real ones, that is) have no such window on the world, and they and their work suffer for it.

The issues were clear; the time, both pristine, and later than everyone thought. The land-rush and sod prairie were within living memory, the wounds inflicted by unrestrained industrialism seemed no harder to heal than the frontier had been hard to tame. But hovering over them all, nameless and probably even untalked-about, were the poignant shadows of Brook Farm and the phalansteries As soon as the bohemian spirit found a home, and a patron, it began to die, individual success ensuring collective defeat, and you can see the dying still any night in Sheridan Square.

Typically, the Village was conjured up out of the maddening ennui of a wealthy and stifled woman, Mabel Dodge, in 1912, the Presidential year Debs was given one million socialist votes. The Villagers called it the Lyric Year and let it be ushered in by those two other Astarte-figures, Emma Goldman and Isadora Duncan.

The language they shared, flaming sentiments and all, was the simple and enthusiastic lingo of the Sauk City 'booster', their very names were out of the sweet and naive novels they wrote of early industrial America: Hutchins Hapgood, Anna Strunsky, Art Young, John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, Mabel Dodge, Inez Mulholland, Bill Haywood, Barney Gallant, Mary Heaton Vorse, Orrick Johns. Theirs was an 'ethical Bohemia', where the social workers, teachers and strike leaders made the first running, and the alliance with the poets, painters and novelists was free and natural and more often sealed over cups of tea (I mean *tea*, at Polly's, usually served up with a heart-felt ideological sneer by the philosophic anarchist, Hippolyte Havel) than in the sack. The self-destroyers and destroyers, the Bodenheims and college boys and real-estate men, did not come till later.

The publishers of this book have committed some kind of crime by including no photographs. But a few line drawings from the old *Masses* (by Art Young and others) are recompense.

Mr Churchill tells us that Floyd Dell, Margaret Anderson, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Barney Gallant, Harry Kemp and Mary Heaton Vorse are still alive. To whom, *salud*. They were America's '1905ers', whose work may have been ephemeral but who bequeathed a spirit which can be sensed in a few odd corners of America today. Amidst the tearaway slogans and posturings of daffy solemnity they went in purity and innocence. It is impossible not to idealise them, and their times.

CLANCY SIGAL

Nouvelle Woolf

The Grass. By CLAUDE SIMON. Translated by Richard Howard. *Cape.* 18*s.*

The Slap. By MARION FRIEDMANN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Down Will Come the Sky. By JOHN WYLLIE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Middlemen. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The Face of the Enemy. By VERNON SCANNELL. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Adrift in Soho. By COLIN WILSON. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Centurions. By JEAN LARTEGUY. Translated by Xan Fielding. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The *'nouvelle vague'*, like 'the angry young men' or 'the beat generation', is a publicist's slogan, not a critical category. Originally applied to the group of friends – Truffaut and Marcel Moussy among them – who a year or two ago began putting on celluloid some of the fresh but amorphous film theories they'd first expounded in *Cahiers du Cinéma*, in France and Belgium it now gets tacked on to almost any director whom the cinema-manager hasn't heard of; and publishers seem to be following suit. Claude Simon is thus introduced to England as a member of the 'new wave', although he's scarcely ten years younger than Auden or Isherwood, and he's been discussed here in the same breath as Robbe-Grillet, although his true affinities seem to lie rather with Proust, Faulkner and Virginia Woolf. In his case, *nouvelle vague* is but old *Waves* writ large.

To say this, however, is not to disparage a very considerable achievement. *The Grass* carries an epigraph from Pasternak – 'no one sees the grass grow': and the novel, like grass, is dense, stealthy and alive. It tells the story of a decision's slow maturing – the decision of a young woman not to run away with her lover. Its form is a long soliloquy, winding and unwinding through the complexities of her life with a ne'er-do-well husband, cooped up in a house in the South-West with his father and mother, a mountainously fat old man and his raddled, besotted, frightened wife. Upstairs in a shaded room where the September sun advances and retreats through the shutters, an old woman is dying – the aunt whose careful peasant saving made possible the career of her brother, so sadly rewarded by his good-for-nothing son. The house is pervaded by the sweet, corrupt smell of the pears rotting in the orchard, as by the shifting involvement of memories, regrets, suspicions, and emotions ready to explode. As the soliloquy proceeds, clues and hints accumulate until the whole picture is completed, a psychological detective story emerging in the long, brooding, complicated sentences of three-dimensional free association, parenthesis unfolding into parenthesis, image blending into metaphor, atmosphere melting into fact. Even its manner, as you see, is contagious; and in this outstanding translation, M. Simon's work has found an interpreter

BANNED

The Committee of 100 is holding meetings and demonstrations in an attempt to avoid nuclear war.

The British authorities have been confronted, in the Committee's supporters, by a disarmament movement which has the power to enforce its demands. Their reply has been to ban all meetings in which specific acts of non-violent civil disobedience are advocated. Members of the Committee have now been summoned to Court for organising "breaches of the peace".

The Government is curtailing the right of free speech and the right of assembly solely because of the potential effectiveness of mass civil disobedience.

All those who believe that this country should renounce nuclear weapons must now come forward. The decision of the Government to ban our meetings must be defied. We appeal to you to take part in the Trafalgar Square rally, to sit down with us, to give money and to continue our work when we are imprisoned. This is the test; it may be our last chance.

Next week's programme

Monday, September 11: Briefing for the week-end's demonstrations. At Conway Hall, Holborn, at 7 p.m.

Tuesday, September 12: Members of the Committee of 100 in Bow Street Magistrates' Court at 10.30 a.m. to answer charges of being members of the Committee of 100.

Wednesday, September 13: Bertrand Russell and three other Committee members in Marlborough Street Magistrates' Court at 2 p.m. to answer charges concerning our Hiroshima Day demonstration in Hyde Park.

Saturday, September 16: Sit-down demonstration at the Holy Loch to immobilise the Polaris base. March leaves Dunoon, with supporters, at 2.30. Sit-down starts at Ardnadam Pier at 4 p.m. We need at least 1,000 sitting down. Committee coaches from London (return 50s.).

Sunday, September 17: Rally in Trafalgar Square 5.0 sharp. Bertrand Russell will be with us. March to Parliament Square at 5.30 for a Public Assembly and sit-down. We need at least 10,000 sitting down.

Committee of 100

(President: Bertrand Russell, OM, FRS)

Helen Allegranza, Lindsay Andersen, Lady Clare Annesley, John Arden, Margaretta Arden, Pat Arrowsmith, Ernest Bader, John Berger, Eric Boothby, Jack Bowles, Lord Boyd Orr, FRS, John Braine, Douglas Brewood (Snr), Douglas Brewood (Jnr), Oliver Brown, Wendy Butlin, Jane Buxton, April Carter, Terence Chandler, George Clark, Major C. V. Clarke, Una Collins, Dr Alex Comfort, John Crallan, Elizabeth Dales, J. Alun David, Shelagh Delaney, Francis Deutsch, Ian Dixon, Reuben Fior, Hilda Fitter, John Fletcher, Harold Foster, William Gaskill, Dorothy Glaister, Janet Goodricke, Michael Gotch, David Graham, Bob Gregory, Mary Grigg, Robin Hall, Nicholas Harding, Trevor Hatton, Laurence Hislam, David Hoggett, John Hoyland, Martin Hyman, Alex Jacobs, Augustus John, OM, Nicholas Johnson, Bill Kaye, Ann Kerr, Dr Fergus King, Rev. R. E. Kirkby, Michael Lesser, Ed Lewis, Isobel Lindsay, Christopher Logue, K. Alan Longman, Alan Lovell, David Lumsdaine, Hugh MacDiarmid, Pat McConnell, George Melly, Gustav Metzger, Bernard R. Miles, Dr Jack Mongar, Dr John Morris, R. E. Muirhead, John Neville, John Nicholls, Michael Nolan, Margaret O'Connell, F. O'Hanlon, John Osborne, Colin Painter, John Papworth, Pat Pottle, Adam Parker Rhodes, Dr John Paulett, Malcolm Pittock, Joan Pittock, Inez Randall, Michael Randle, Sir Herbert Read, Heather Richardson, Mary Ringsleben, Ernest Rodker, E. G. P. Rowe, Edith Lady Russell, Ralph Schoenman, Rev. Michael Scott, Ivan Seruya, Teddy Seruya, Peter Digby Smith, R. W. Smith, Tony Smythe, Robin E. Swingler, Chris Warbis, Will Warren, Barbara Webb, Dr W. Weinberg, Arnold Wesker, Alan White, Shirley Wood, Biddy Youngday, Alastair Yule.

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entirely worthy of his own astonishing *tour de force*.

Involvement of another sort is the theme of *The Slap*, a remarkable first novel about South Africa which treats all sides – black, Boer and English – with immense and delicate charity. Although one of its central incidents is the killing of an African by a drunken Afrikaner, it explores rather than moralises, and in this respect reminded me of Dan Jacobson's *A Dance in the Sun*. Particularly fresh is its picture of an Anglican priest: 'The few friendships he has, like that with Hlatawayo, lack ease; they are italicized in the text of both parties' lives by the shared knowledge that they have got beyond the colour bar and both are conscious of it all the time, the achievement lying between them like a gulf.' A similar fineness of observation marks its other portraits: of the Afrikaner farmer, of his citified wife, of the troubled, guilty young matron who tells the story. Only the Africans themselves are touched by cliché: but injustice is a cliché too.

John Wyllie's fourth novel echoes the promise of *The Goodly Seed*, which was harder to see objectively because its author had suffered in the Japanese POW camp that it described. *Down Will Come the Sky*, set on a mythical Channel Island, begins engagingly in Stevensonian fashion with a solitary boy's adventures among the fishermen; but the seaside enchantment rapidly darkens as a feud springs up between some of the islanders and a wealthy industrialist who threatens their way of life. Violence and death ensue: but, for myself, I wasn't quite convinced either by the 'inevitability' or by the portentous moral which seemed to have been stuffed into the tale like too-large presents, angular and lumpy, in a Christmas stocking. Nevertheless, it contains good things, and its friendly simplicity is perhaps deceptive. I prefer it, frankly, to the 'cleverness' of its stable-companion, Christine Brooke-Rose's *The Middlemen*. This is described as 'a satire', perhaps in the same spirit as Graham Greene's lighter efforts are called 'entertainments'; but although it deals, yawn-provokingly, with public relations, TV, advertising, psychiatry and the literary racket, I don't think it's critical *amour-propre* that made me feel dissatisfied. The best satire in the book is its account of adventures in the real property market, which might perhaps be reprinted separately as a cautionary pamphlet for 'Mr and Mrs Flathunter': but apart from the author's knowingness about her essentially two-dimensional characters, a major weakness is the central concept of The Middleman, with which one's bludgeoned in intervals of the action, but which seems to rest on an economic theory of either medieval or Marxist naivety. Perhaps 'The Marginal Men' would have been a better title.

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A year's subscription costs 45s. from The Shenval Press, 58 Frith St., London, W.1.

Edited by Alan Ross

The Face of the Enemy (which I take to mean the face of Time) also starts out with a good idea – 'the Combined 'Ops', a beer club for ex-Service officers who can't settle into civilian life. In the simpler days of Bulldog Drummond, they got together to smash Carl Peterson and protect Phyllis: here they chiefly drink and make assaults on Phyllis's honour. In another persona, Vernon Scannell is an honest if too explicit poet; as a novelist, he has his moments of insight and clarity, especially about abstract ideas and family life, but he lacks the tenacity to work out the implications of his seedy and well-documented setting.

Much the same might be said of Colin Wilson's new novel, which reads like disguised and heightened reminiscences. If you expect a tourist's guide to Soho-by-night, you may be disappointed: but even in this lame account of a young provincial's first days in Cockney Bohemia one can just detect that flash of honesty that redeems a great deal. Asked at a Labour Exchange what sort of work he wants, he confides to us that 'the correct reply was "None".'

The Centurions is Volume II in a best-selling French trilogy about *les paras*, the dangerous graduates of Dien-Bien-Phu, Algiers and Bizerta. As a novel, it's mediocre; as a documentary, fascinating; as potential mythology, damnable.

RICHARD MAYNE

No More War

The Road Past Mandalay. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph. 21s.*

At first I thought this was just another sentimental blood-and-guts book. In a way it is that, but it is much more besides, and all its main literary ingredients can be justified. It is right that a personal account of battle should have some blood-and-guts flavour, and to avoid the sentimental in a war-record is to fight shy of essentials. Mr Masters never does that. He gives a marvellous picture of the stress on men of violence, atrocity and danger, contriving his effects by a bold use of his considerable powers of description. Sometimes, it must be said, the boldness gets out of hand: he occasionally lapses into journalese, and I will assert, at the risk of being dismissed as a coarse reactionary, that he should have spared his readers some of that anal preoccupation which informs so much Army humour. But the lapses are no more than lapses. The hand that wrote *Bhowani Junction* has not lost its cunning.

His subject is very varied, moving from a picture of early-war India to the Irak campaign, the invasion of Persia, the Syrian campaign, the Staff College Quetta, the 1944 Wingate expedition, and the reconquest of Burma. Whether attempting general assessments, or sticking to his autobiographical last, he never loses control of his material. He succeeds in the exacting task of describing a personal love-affair in deeply moving terms, and he makes the reader understand both the horror and the delight of war, the servitude and the grandeur.

As a Gurkha officer, he dislikes Wingate. The reason is clear. Gurkhas were unresponsive to the Chindit-leader's spell, and the results of this failure in mutual relations were calamitous. Under Wingate in 1943 the Gurkhas showed little of their quality and informed opinion lays the blame, probably with justice, on Wingate's obstinate impatience. Others besides Gurkhas resisted his leadership. The decision to break up 70th Division to supply the Chindits with man-power was bitterly resented, and this questionable policy gave Wingate opponents at all levels throughout the disrupted division, and even throughout the Chindits. When British troops go cynical, they do indeed, and there were some who never forgot their enmity; but the evidence is that a major factor in 'Special Force's' high morale was Wingate's frequent success in imposing his formidable personality and in compelling trust. In this book we hear of his failures.

Mr Masters conveys the impression, thanks to vigorous writing, that he gives an impartial account of this extraordinary man. In fact he does the opposite: twice he uses hostile evidence, with no indication whatsoever that it has been authoritatively disputed, to draw denigrating conclusions. He believes that the second Wingate expedition was a blunder, and his own daunting account of the terrible and hopeless action fought by the Chindits in North Burma during the 1944 summer certainly suggests that Wingate's stronghold policy was impracticable. To carry it out he needed an immense reserve such as could never be available in the conditions of the South-East Asia Command. Mr Masters's criticisms of Wingate's later strategy are convincing, but his estimate of the man seems, in large part, the shrewd guess of an exasperated observer who refused Wingate the hero-worship he suspected Wingate wanted.

He makes no mention of Wingate's main achievement: the suicidal change in Japanese military policy, which to a large extent was brought about by the 1943 Chindit expedition. The details are in the Official History, Volume II, pages 426-434. When I mentioned this in a biography I was trounced by some military professors and critics for claiming too much. It seems that no one reads official histories, not even their authors.

Most of Mr Masters's other estimates are very generous. His book has several heroes, in finely drawn comrades-in-arms, and in the liberator of Burma, Field-Marshal Lord Slim. It has a repellent villain, General Joseph W. Stilwell, a brave but small-minded American xenophobe who caricatured military virtue. The story ends with the author and his wife hearing in India, very belatedly, of the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima . . . 'there could be no more war. No more tactics, no more strategy, only total destruction – or peace. The training and experience of a lifetime had vanished into the thin Himalayan air and I was happy.'

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Apropos the Smithsons

REYNER BANHAM

A secondary school, an exhibition house, a couple of other houses, an airline office in Piccadilly, a prestige office-block in St James: it sounds like selections from the work-book of a smart middle-aged practice with plenty of interesting connections to keep the jobs rolling in, and plenty of newly-graduated assistants to keep the ideas from running out. But it isn't: it's the total record of ten years in the life of a partnership that looked at one time as if it would never get a decent commission again, a partnership that first suffered, but ultimately survived, by adhering grimly to principles that most architects believe to be true, and would follow if they didn't make it so difficult to compromise profitably with clients one ought to despise.

Letting the chips fall where they may (often on their own shoulders) Alison and Peter Smithson have become the architectural conscience of their generation, but it remains to be seen whether, with success, they can become the conscience of the profession. Many architects are suspicious of them or openly hostile, and now that they have landed the commission for the *Economist's* new office-block (without any of the customary lobbying, lunching or golfing) big-business architects who were not worried by them before are growing resentful at their breach of the rules of graft. But this is just commercial competition, the older hostility is the real and hurtful stuff.

They began their independent career by winning the competition for a new school at Hunstanton, Norfolk, in 1950, and everyone said 'How nice, just a couple of kids . . .' But the smiles soon turned to frowns when it was realised that they intended to build it as designed – square, uncompromising, symmetrical, black, white and glass, in the manner of Mies van der Rohe. But having sent up the picturesque, soft-option orthodoxy in school-design that had been established by Hertfordshire, they proceeded to offend their own possible supporters by announcing that they had hoped 'to avoid some of Mies's formalisms' While it is common in the other arts to open your career by offering to correct the ancients, most young architects adopt one of the living masters (usually Mies or Le Corbusier) as an idol, and the Smithsons' attitude was regarded as cheek even by other iconoclasts.

I doubt, however, if it occurred to them that they had done anything extraordinary. They take architecture, and themselves, completely seriously and have never been noticeably afflicted with false modesty (North Country types, rarely over-awed by big names). There has been much giggling over Alison's alleged farewell to Philip Johnson, most distinguished of US followers of Mies, 'Goodbye, but keep in touch, there aren't many of us left'. If it was said, it was said absolutely straight and level, because it was factually true. The next year, there were two fewer, for they suddenly kicked the Mies image – an almost unbelievable piece of boldness when they had a virtual corner in the style. This put them right in the wilderness: their peers and equals were fighting hard against the picturesque informalism of the Casson-Spence generation, opposing it with the steel formality of Mies and the concrete formality of Corb, and suddenly the Smithsons quit the camp and adopted a sort of higher informalism, related to Jackson Pollock's painting and to the *matière brute* of Dubuffet or Paolozzi.

Paolozzi they knew personally, and with him, and Nigel Henderson, they made manifest their new attitude, forever to be known as The New Brutalism, in a manifesto-exhibition called (with greater subtlety than most of us realised at the time) *Parallel of Life and Art*. This collection of a hundred gritty and far-fetched photographic images was a serious and sincere profession of faith in *une art autre*, but is remembered as a piece of Angry Young Man defiance. But this was 1953, and Ken Tynan had yet to invent John Osborne – if the Smithsons were Angries, they had committed the unforgivable crime of thinking of it before the literary boys did.

Their situation, in fact, was not funny. Launched into an almost work-free vacuum, they kept going by faith, hope, very little charity and by investing unwarranted amounts of energy in projects that did not always deserve it. They themselves clearly regard their competition entries of the period as their most important projects, but the one that bears most directly on their present position of authority was the 'House of the Future' which they designed for the Ideal Home exhibition in 1956. Again, they made a mental adjustment that is beyond the reach of most of the profession. It is always tacitly agreed that the houses of the future will be factory-made (a key myth of modern architecture, of course), but instead of Utopiating a society that would want pre-fabs, the Smithsons came in on the other tack and tried to design a house that society would want badly enough to make mass-production feasible – smart, slick, styled-up, mechanically advanced, gimmicky and expendable, like a car. This was done without a trace of cynicism (no half-timbering): an honest *andare al popolo*, made possible by their involvement in the ICA's investigations into Pop culture.

Their new offices for Iraqi Airlines, next to Hatchard's, look at first sight as if they might be a pup off the House of the Future – the cave-like and smudge-cornered forms are very similar. But this is a once-for-all, not a production prototype, like the house, and in any case, if one interprets recent pronouncements correctly, they have pulled out of the pro-Pop camp. Fair enough: architects are so involved with the future that they *must* Utopiate – 'every building is a prototype of the future city' – in order to feel that their activities are worthwhile. Unlike the rest of the profession, however, they have given a lot of serious consideration to Pop and its implications (the aesthetics of expendability and all that), and when Peter speaks in public against Pop, he speaks with the authority of one who has been in there.

He speaks with authority anyhow; even in the wilderness years those who came to scoff usually left quietly, even if they didn't stay to praise. He is far from being a brilliant orator, and his audiences often sit in an agony of suspense waiting for him to fight his way out of a thicket of relative clauses and get through to a conclusion that looked as if it might be lost for ever. But he talks basic architecture, with transparent sincerity, and architects underestimate him subliminally. As a result he has become one of our most exportable architectural pundits, and a leader of opinion among an (admittedly thinly-spread) global following.

But can that authority be generalised and made effective at home? It is one thing to be loved by students, and respected by architectural intellectuals, but it is something else to lead, or even drive, the profession, and one factor, central to the Smithsons' integrity as designers, will militate against their assuming command – their lack of a consistent style. Though the rationalisation and elaboration of their position over the years has been a fairly straight-line argument, their stylistic development has been marked by complete and spectacular discontinuity. Such a result is inherent in their determination to approach every design problem from first principles and without formalistic preconceptions.

Something similar happened (for not dissimilar reasons) with Eero Saarinen who died last week: his style had gone through four major convulsions in the last decade, and it would be very unwise for a man in Grosvenor Square to imagine that the US Embassy there is a guide to the style of any of Saarinen's other jobs, not even the Oslo Embassy. For this reason, most architects – even American ones who knew him personally – clearly found it hard to respect him as an architect, even while praising his undoubted skill as a designer. Architects as a whole, strong on visual culture and positively mongoloid on everything else, would rather follow mannerisms than precepts, and most theoretical writing since Alberti has been functional and structural casuistry in support of a preferred style.

And the Smithsons are not offering a style, but a set of moral responsibilities to man and society. The last theorist to do that in Britain was W. R. Lethaby – and look where it got him! Instead of a set of ready-made forms, he offered the young architects of the infant 20th century the prospect of solving every problem from first principles. In revenge, they took to Beaux-Arts classicism and Edwardian Baroque, justifying themselves with the gossamer aestheticism of Geoffrey Scott.

The gleam of hope here is that, very roughly speaking, the Ivy League architects in the US, who rejected Saarinen for his variability, are in a pretty Geoffrey-Scottish mood, made possible by academic affluence, whereas the mind of British architecture has a more serious cast than in Lethaby's day. Furthermore, the most dedicated elements, those most heavily committed to a scientific approach in architecture, do not reject the Smithsons out of hand, in spite of the wide divergence of approach between the painstaking research of the Development Groups (which are the scientists' preferred instruments) and the Smithsons' intuitive corner-cutting and assumption-jumping.

An alliance – even an unacknowledged one – between these two wings could be of crucial importance, because the Smithsons are deeply concerned with something that is admitted to be beyond the reach of most Development Groups, for, in spite of their stylistic variability, or because of it, they care deeply about what their buildings look like, and their aim is always to create an image that will convince and compel. When they demand that every building must be a prototype, an exemplar, for the cities of the future, they intend this not only to be read functionally, but visually too. The *Economist* project, with its three blocks informally grouped round an exiguous piazza, is intended as a sort of sample of what future developments in central areas should look like. But it has few stylistic features that would be worth the copying, and we must hope instead that its attempt to break the present stalemate between architectural style and property-values will be recognised and understood. The Established solutions – even the modern ones – are bankrupt, and we need a new set of principles, not a new set of conventions.

Against Sensibility

DAVID SYLVESTER

The second edition of 'Situation', now called 'New London Situation', is seen to greater advantage at the New London Gallery than its predecessor of a year ago at the RBA Galleries. This may be because the New London has a more up-to-date decor. Or it may be because its proportions suit current big abstracts better: it's not only much lower but narrower, so that we can't stand right back from the exhibits, can't help seeing them in the way the artists have said they want them to be seen.

The New London is a rectilinear capsule within which nothing is visible of the world outside. If we were to wake up inside this exhibition, I wonder what country we'd think we were in. We hear a lot of cant now about the 'international abstract style' and its insidious effect on national identity in art. Yet I would have thought that, by and large, a practised eye had quite a fair chance of discerning whether a contemporary abstract came from France, Spain, Italy, Germany, England, Japan, New York or San Francisco. All the same, the only works here which clearly come from England are those by Henry Mundy and Gwyther Irwin. Their palette, indeed, is one which they share with all kinds of English painting, whether done in Cornwall or Suffolk or Chiswick, whether free abstraction or post-cubist or late-impressionist – a cool, chalky, bleached, greyish palette, one that corresponds to misty light, low-lying country, proximity to water.

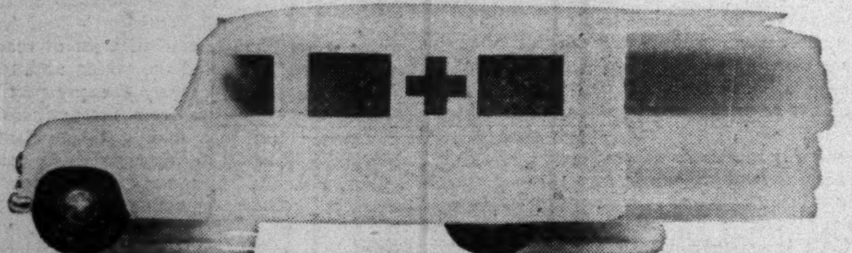
In painting such as this, everything depends on subtle gradation of tone. And it is just this sort of subtlety, with all that it implies of nervous sensibility and tenderness of feeling, that most of the work in 'Situation' sets itself against. With their hard, bold forms, emphasis on straight lines, facture which leaves no echo of personal touch, these artists are rigorously tough-minded, technically, aesthetically and morally. In following the example of such Americans as Barnett Newman, Ellsworth Kelly and Kenneth Noland, they are reacting against the 'painterly', tangled, expressionistic art of Pollock, de Kooning etc. But beyond this they are reacting against the whole traditional apparatus of English art, an apparatus common to Ben Nicholson and Gainsborough, Constable and Sutherland. It may be because they are over-compensating that their forms are distinctly more tough and impersonal than those of their American influences.

Their 'anti-Fine Art' sentiments are trenchantly expressed in the broadsheet *Gazette*, by Anthony Caro, who is currently welding huge sculptures from lengths of iron girders (girders for practical reasons, not their associations, he says):

> I know that when I work on a sculpture out of doors I have room to stand back and that only encourages me to worry about the balance and that sort of thing; and that invariably ruins it. Working indoors in a restricted space and close up all the time my decisions don't bear on the thing's all round appearance. They're not compositional decisions.

There's something Caravaggesque about these sentiments. Only, with Caravaggio the revulsion against making beautiful Art wasn't self-sufficient, it was the concomitant of a desire to bring in life in the raw. And in their very different ways, Dada and Futurism also, in attacking Art, had this desire to embrace the harsh realities of life. With the 'Situation' artists, however, there's no such sense of raw life (in spite of the girders). Only the negative side seems to be active. The work looks entirely concerned with the investigation of formal problems, as if these artists were trying to work out a new logic of painting, and nothing more. The curious thing is that they all tend to affirm their faith in the vitality and validity of Pop Art, so that we might assume that this obsession would feed some broad human content into their work – that, just as Caravaggio brought the beggar off the street into his painting, so they might bring in the neon-lights. Jasper Johns in America, Patrick Hughes in Britain, have shown how painting akin to theirs can celebrate Pop Art. The 'Situation' artists, for all their talk of urban life, mass communications and so on, produce work which looks as if it had issued from rarefied beings far above the common crowd.

The works I like best here are those by Richard Smith and Harold Cohen. Both these painters have just spent two years in New York on Harkness Scholarships. It would seem that there's now as much to be gained from working in New York as there once was in Paris.



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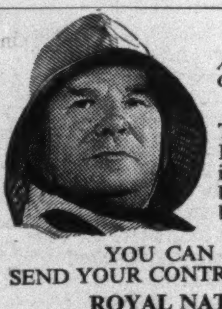

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Silken Miseries

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A British thriller about homosexuality? It sounds unlikely, but since *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* the climate has changed considerably. *Victim* (Odeon) takes its plunge with a scared youngster aloft on a scaffolding and detectives hurrying into the office below. On the run, it seems, with a theft of £2,000 hanging over him; but as he zigzags across London, into bars and telephone boxes, clutching a mysterious package, we realise that his fear has an added dimension. When caught and questioned he hangs himself in the police cell.

So far, so confident. The impetuous thriller lead-in has been given a new edge; the screw has been turned. Now the film must tackle the problem it has hinted at. How far can this be done? *Victim* has a go; dabs in a cross-section of the homosexual's world; states the case for toleration; pursues one drama of wrecked marriage and career; and for good measure winds up with a whodunit over the blackmailer's identity.

Overplus, if there ever was one: *Intolerance* itself hardly attempted more! And like Griffith, the makers of *Victim* find themselves working on a number of levels. Realism is whittled away. Inverts must be whitewashed, or else the prejudice of audiences might tell against them. All the villainy descends on the queer's parasite, the blackmailer, and to keep things lively the blackmailers are turned into grotesques: they are wildly incompetent, too, preferring to soak a £10-a-week bricklayer rather than a famous barrister. (This takes, in retrospect, from the force of that beginning.) Then the humanitarian case must be sustained, so the police develops a wise paternalism. And when it comes to marriage on the rocks, the best the script can do is to beat a hasty retreat into the terms of Galsworthian theatre. Possibly the remote and old-fashioned set-to between Dirk Bogarde and Sylvia Sims, the film's central scene, is felt to be reassuring to hide-bound consciences?

At any rate, *Victim* squanders its initial impact, and the surprising thing is that, despite everything, it still gets along. On the credit side are the unexaggerated portraits of inverts, Dirk Bogarde's performance as the barrister who sacrifices silk to thorns, and the fact that, whatever other compromises may have been made, the film sticks to its belief that the law which treats homosexuals as criminals is a bad law. So few English films have the courage to come out plainly for anything that *Victim* deserves at least commendation. The pity is that while it may make us think, we can scarcely help thinking also of the film's own shortcomings.

I doubt anyway whether the thriller-with-a-mission can ever be quite satisfactory: either the good intent must cede to sensation, or the other way about. A thriller which I missed reviewing last week, *The Naked Edge*, sets out to be pure thriller. Dim lights, cliff tops, slow sweatings, the servantless mansion, and the razor's dread approach to the bathroom are tricked out with all the Gothick camera-work Michael Anderson can muster, and the result is a dull parody of Hitchcock.

At the National Film Theatre on Sunday afternoon John Freeman introduces *The Critic and the 3.10 to Yuma*, in which, with a welcome swing-round from that over-the-shoulder view, he meets us eye-to-eye and succinctly characterises the morality of the Western. *3.10 to Yuma*, one of the lesser-known of the *High Noon* group, combines the march to zero hour with traditional Western virtues. Extracts point the criticism. This 35-minute film is one of a series intended for schools, and should start a revolt out of hours against the debased Western that has become a staple fill-up of TV screens.

Edinburgh Rocks

DAVID DREW

It was a brilliant idea to open this year's Edinburgh Festival with a performance of Schoenberg's early *Gurrelieder*. This is a Festival piece *par excellence* in any circumstances, and in the present instance it also formed a very solid springboard, without too much spring, from which the Festival could take its courageous plunge into the music of Schoenberg's later years.

Stokowski's interpretation was closer to the spirit of the occasion than to the letter of the score, and on strictly musical grounds the best (as opposed to the most effective) feature of the performance was the singing of Gré Brouwenstijn as Tove. However, for those who were able to attend the concert by the Drolc Quartet at the Freemason's Hall the following morning the *Gurrelieder* was a fine preparation for another Schoenbergian revelation, the Quartet op 7. Written just under four years after the *Gurrelieder*, this early masterpiece shows hardly a trace of Wagner. An influence so confidently acknowledged could be discarded with equal confidence when the formal requirements were different. Yet there is still quite a lot of Wagner in the *Orchestral Songs op 8*, which were performed later in the Festival by Elizabeth Soderstrom and the BBC Scottish Orchestra under Norman del Mar. A selection of the songs – including the fifth, with its inspired orchestral conclusion, and the sixth, with its very touching melodic invention – might have made a stronger impression than did the complete set on this occasion. Certain problems of texture and momentum were not solved, and for all her intelligence and musicality, Miss Soderstrom is hardly the right kind of singer for this music. She was more at ease in Mozart's great Concert Aria K 505; and there are certainly other vocal works of Schoenberg which would suit her better, and as well as Dallapiccola, whom she sings beautifully.

Later in the same concert we heard the least known of Schoenberg's orchestral works, the *Film Music* op. 34. It would be foolish to pretend that this very concentrated work will ever achieve wide popularity; it is not 'big' enough for the type of conductor who succeeds with the *Five Orchestral Pieces* or the *Orchestra Variations*, and it has none of the more traditional appeal of the two Chamber Symphonies. Indeed, the extremely condensed and economical complexity of its linear and contrapuntal invention – especially on the rhythmic level – seems most likely to arouse the affections of those for whom Webern represents the major Truth in the music of our time. It is not a work for an everyday concert, and there is nothing else in Schoenberg which resembles it. For that reason its inclusion in the Festival was particularly welcome, though in all honesty it must be recorded that the BBC Scottish Orchestra made little sense of it. Still, the *Film Music* (which never had a film to 'accompany' it and yet is a masterly criticism

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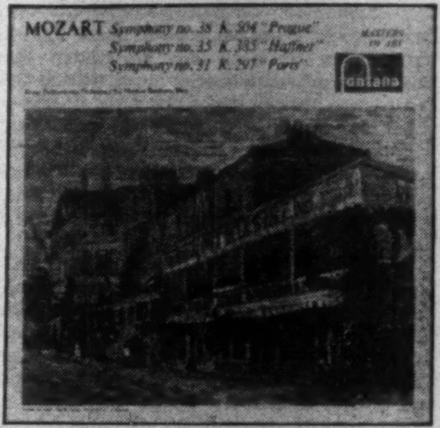
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A DELIGHT FOR THE EAR... AND THE EYE!

of all film music) may have found some willing listeners, and if they persevere with it, they will certainly be rewarded.

Difficult in quite other ways are Stravinsky's *Renard* and Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins*, the two major works in the *Triple Bill*, presented at the Empire Theatre by the Western Theatre Ballet and the Scottish National Orchestra under Alexander Gibson. *Renard's* 'spirit of mountebank buffoonery' (to quote Stravinsky's own words) requires choreographer and dancers to play a game of Russian roulette on a tightrope stretched high above the place where Rites of Spring were once celebrated. Its virtuosity is, literally, terrifying. The pistol-chamber spins lightly, but the laughter is no laughing matter. The Edinburgh production never even reaches the tightrope – though the Cock's perch was a good idea – and the game was pure 'fun' without bullets or style. The stage design by Arthur Boyd was the only part of the production which, by way of Chagall, caught something of the Russian spirit which is essential to the work.

The spirit of the *Seven Deadly Sins* is very German, and equally grim. From the dramatic point of view it is even more complex than *Renard*. The Edinburgh production skated over all the problems and wiped out their raison d'etre with the result that no one could take offence at what is a wonderfully offensive work. Kenneth Macmillan's choreography – by far the most imaginative and professional feature of the evening – secures the superficial success of the production, and mercifully distracts attention from the sets and costumes.

Unfortunately, even the finest choreography is by itself quite insufficient for this work. It also calls for a higher *dramatic* ordering, faithful to the tradition of the Brechtian theatre and the ideals of the authors. Of this there was not a trace in Edinburgh. The choreography was left to draw its sentimental-ethical conclusions while the sociological point was quietly dismissed. The production of the *Anger* episode was an object lesson in how to disarm Brecht and betray Weill into a triviality which his music denies in every bar. What could be more symptomatic than the calculated omission of the word 'injustice' from the third line of the last verse?

The chief credit goes to Alexander Gibson, who has grasped many important things about the score (though not everything in its instrumental character), and to Cleo Laine, who undertook the singing role at short notice. Miss Laine's performance has guts and intelligence. It is no fault of hers that her musical and dramatic personality goes against the grain of the score. To use jazz phrasing when there is no jazz harmony – when jazz is not the point at all – is musically nonsensical.

Although the *Triple Bill* opened with a work which is no more than the scrapings from diners' plates at a fashionable restaurant – Milhaud's *Salade* – it was a worthwhile venture which deserves to be followed up. Like the Schoenberg survey and the late-night performance of Juliette Greco it is something which has given this year's Festival its exhilarating character. For all their shortcomings, we shall remember these things long after disappointments like the performances of the Stravinsky *Symphony in C* and Mahler's Fifth Symphony have been forgotten; nor shall we forget more traditional pleasures such as Klemperer's performance of Schumann's Fourth Symphony. The granite base of Edinburgh has been shaken, and some rocks have been climbed.

Brotherly Love

ROGER GELLERT

Incest, the starting-point of John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (now revived at the Mermaid), preserves much of its old horrendum for us, and a modern dramatist would spend a good hour in twitching and thrashing about with averted eyes before the dread admissions could come shuddering forth. Ford has no such scruples: within 30 lines of curtain-up we know Giovanni's secret, within three scenes his sister knows it too, admits it joyfully, and off they go to bed.

GIO. I would not change this minute for
Elysium. What must we do now?
ANN. What you will.
GIO. Come then;
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss,
and sleep.
(Exeunt)

This is the laconic climax to a remarkable scene, whose ornaments are few and conventional, but whose tremulous plainness of utterance promises something strange, and new in the drama. Annabella says, kneeling:

Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge
you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, brother. . . .

and Giovanni echoes an identical prayer. It is a grave, deeply touching moment. We wait agog. And what happens?

All too little. They reappear fresh and jocund from the sinful bed, Giovanni remarking that he is going to be jealous of any other lover of his sister. He proves as good as his word, especially when she (heavy with his child) has to marry Soranzo; then Soranzo's servant finds out who fathered the child, and the play ends in a routine Jacobean holocaust of revenge and macabre heroics. We learn nothing of the peculiar strains and stresses of an incestuous relationship, which after the scene of avowal no longer seems to interest Ford except as a springboard for violence. Giovanni smoulders continually, white-lipped, on the edge of scenes, but plays little further part until the final hunt is up. The subplotting, almost a caricature of its kind, is of an otiose complexity that defies attention or description; one is reminded of those old-style thrillers whose early chapters offer a bewildering selection of apparently unrelated characters and locales, to draw all together into a grand and clinching finale. 'Meanwhile, in a shadowy back-street of the dockside district of Riga, a shaggy-haired apothecary was staring intently at a curious yellowish stone in the jeweller's window. . . .' Here, too, the connection seldom seems worth the waiting for, and two noisy and protracted deaths do little to raise one's spirits. But David Thompson's direction is firm and clear, and the acting generally good. Zena Walker plays Annabella with a lovely solemn naughtiness, and Edward de Souza is a forceful, though perhaps too stiff and British, Giovanni. John Woodvine, as Soranzo's servant Vasques, a mixture of gloating brutality and doggy loyalty, is admirable, a large, relaxed, sardonic man who continually catches the eye, and David William's reptilian Cardinal stops the show, or rather congeals it, at each appearance.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,646 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Induction courses of training are run for new recruits to many large organisations, both public and commercial. The usual prizes are offered for the programme of a three-day induction course for new entrants to either Heaven or Hell. Limit 150 words. Entries by 19 September.

Result of 1,643 **Set by Hilary Rubenstein**

A successful French novelist is said to have claimed that the ingredients of a best-seller can be contained in a single short sentence, and offered as an example: 'My God', said the princess, 'I'm pregnant and I don't know by whom.' Competitors are invited to compose three similar best-selling synopses.

Report

Few entries caught the splendid comprehensiveness of the original, and certain departments of best-sellerdom, particularly the cult of generals and exotic pets, were poorly represented. Transvestite archbishops, upper-class perverts – competitors do seem tremendously interested in sex. Change of sex – not a hardy perennial on best-seller lists – was the most popular theme of all.

Two guineas to Eileen Ackroyd – the only one to score with all three entries. A guinea each to the others printed.

She realised that he had never wanted the child, but merely a model for his 'Ripeness' bronze.

The bed shaking with her laughter, she hooted, 'Really, you're so exactly like your father.'

'No', said the girl in the white bikini, 'I was not in prison then, I was a nun.'

EILEEN ACKROYD

Sometimes Nicola shrank from the strange demands of the Venus men, but Mother had to be supported.

PETER VEALE

'You beast', she sobbed into the pillow, 'you're not queer at all . . .'

STEPHEN SEDLEY

My father and grandfather were, like myself, in the Yorkshire wool trade and had large families.

JOHN MAXWELL

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Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

'When will this monstrous bubble burst?' demanded *The Times*, in its more thunderous days, about the British Association for the Advancement of Science in its less respectable days. Nowadays the annual meeting of the BA rates special columns in *The Times*, and attracts great interest from the press as a whole; but there are signs that the BA must proceed more rapidly with its present modernisation programme if it is not to lose that interest. This year's meeting in Norwich represented a step back from precedent established in Cardiff last year, when the meeting actually had a *theme*. The hope is that when the scientists reassemble in Manchester next year they will not again be so thoroughly fragmented into their special subjects.

What I look for from the BA is chiefly a reading of the signs, a giving of hints and indications of what science has in store for us, about all the ramifications which are tangled under the heading 'social implications'. In much of what the scientists reported in Norwich there was evidence of striking progress in scientific technique, but the consequences seemed remote: a way of isolating nerve endings from the brain, so that their vital chemistry can be studied, need not stir the Luddites. The new-found Mössbauer effect, which, *inter alia*, has been used to check the proposition that for spacemen time should pass more slowly than for earthbound men, excites the physicists, but the politicians are not failing in their duty if they ignore it for the time being.

In very general terms, on the other hand, Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark's presidential address said all the right things (and, heaven knows, they still need saying) about man being properly a co-operative animal; the distinguished anatomist dissected the humanity of man and found deep-rooted altruism. There were also plenty of snacks for thought in such topics as the optical moser whereby we can make a terrestrial lamp visible on Venus, and we shall, in due course, communicate far more efficiently with one another on Earth; or the scheme for an automatic tractor which will tend pigs without human intervention until they are heavy enough to tip a trapdoor that automatically consigns them to market; or, again, in a quite different way, the implications of evidence that intraverts are, on the whole, more resistant to the effects of alcohol than extraverts.

I pick out one paper for special mention, not because it was particularly original nor because the science in it was particularly clever, but because it was, in my opinion, just the sort of thing the BA should proclaim from its platforms. The title of Dr L. Harrison Matthews's paper was not calculated to bring the members crowding in ('A new development in the conservation of African mammals'), but it summarised experiments of really epic significance for the peoples of Africa. The idea has been known in ecological circles for some time that wild animals can be farmed for human meat, not in the ruthless manner of the poachers who abound in Africa, but as a scientific long-term operation. It is an idea of special topicality, because this week leaders of the new Africa are meeting with scientists at Arusha in Tanganyika to thrash out the problems and opportunities of conserving the wild life of their continent.

The experiments Dr Matthews was talking about give the conservationists their strongest argument yet, against the agriculturalists who plead they must shoot the game away so that they can get on with producing food for humans. Dr R. F. Dasmann and Dr A. S. Mossmann, two Fulbright scholars from California, have been selling zebra and impala meat in the market. On a ranch in Southern Rhodesia they have demonstrated that it can actually be far more profitable to let the game roam and crop it in a regulated fashion, than to bring in cattle. There is money in game; and, as Dr Matthews put it, 'money will probably do more than all the pious exhortations of half a century' for the conservation of African wild life.

Except on the best land, it is a mistake to drive out the game and bring in cattle. The reason is not hard to find. Over millions of years of evolution, Nature has discovered how to make the best use of the poor soils of Africa, experimenting with species until an excellent balance has been struck between plants and animals, wasting nothing, over-exploiting nothing. Agricultural techniques perfected in the rich soils of England have

The contents of September *Plebs*:

"Working with African Trade Unions", by James Johnson; "Labour Junks its Own Books", by Harry Short; "Does T.V. Influence Elections?", by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Key-Point in the Mediterranean", by Frank Horrabin; "N.C.L.C. Students see History in the Making", by Arthur Maddison; "Accidents at Work", by John L. Williams, LL.B.; "Work Study and the Waiter", by G. A. White; "Marriage in the Twentieth Century", by Tom Davey; "This Wicked World", by J. P. M. Millar; "Marxism and Moscow", by Julius Braunthal; "Two White Rhodesians and the African Question"; Rationalisation; Pars from the Press; Plebs Forum; N.C.L.C. News. *Plebs* price 6d, by post 8d, or 7/6d a year from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry.

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HATCHER LIMITED

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Extracts from Accounts to 31st March, 1961

	1960 £	1961 £
Profit	137,385	198,466
Taxation	61,500	102,000
Dividends	32,055	46,040

Salient Points from Chairman's Review
Annual General Meeting—18th August, 1961

Acquisition.—The Company acquired on the 28th March, 1961, the issued capital of C. H. Peacock Limited, Printers and Proprietors of the West Herts and Watford Observer. No profits of this acquisition have been included in the above Accounts.

Newspapers.—During the year under review, the Company's newspapers continued to exercise considerable influence in their respective areas of circulation and were increasingly supported by both local and national advertisers, whilst increases in circulation demonstrated their popularity. Although the upward trend of advertisement revenue is less pronounced, satisfactory conditions still prevail in the "M. & H." group.

Printing.—New terms of employment within the Printing Industry will begin to come into effect in September. This will mean increased costs and the Management is giving very careful consideration to means of increasing revenue.

During the year under review the flow of printing contracts has been so encouraging that further extensions to the High Wycombe works have been put in hand.

Prospects.—It is still too early to assess the repercussions that the recent tax on Television Advertising might have on other media such as the Company's own newspapers and publications and advertising matter produced for clients. The current year's trading so far has been satisfactory.

The Company's profits for the past year have been a record, but records are made to be broken. This is very much in the minds of the Directors who, however, are not blind to the fact that for the current year this may be an uphill task.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Directors: L. C. Edgley (Chairman), R. M. Kingsford, D. M. Jackson, W. J. Brand, S. F. Ellins, F.C.A., D. C. L. Edgley, D. F. Browne, F.C.A.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

already caused untold devastation when exported to lands for which they are not suited. Now there is documented evidence that Nature sometimes knows best; that the game reserves in the as yet unmutilated parts of Africa can produce meat as efficiently or more efficiently than all but the world's best cattle farms.

The children of Africa die for want of animal protein. The conservationists, by careful counts of animal populations, can show how to increase protein production in Africa, without even developing the land – indeed, that is just what you must not do, at least until you fully understand its biological subtleties. It is a conclusion at least as full of consequence as present political trends in Africa; and it is a justification for the biologists' claim that, whereas physics generates power, their science generates wisdom.

City Lights

TAURUS

Berlin? Bomb tests? Underwriters of new issues were already having to work unusually hard for their jam and were quick to drag a 'war risk' clause out of the drawer in which it had rested since Korea; but the rest of the City has shown the Gleneagles spirit. Almost nothing has happened on the Stock Exchange, and most prices are very much where they were three weeks ago. The great advantage of the H-bomb, in fact, is that it can be excluded from investment calculations altogether.

The price of gold has crept up as it always does on these occasions, but not too far. Sterling, like the dollar, was weak for a time in the exchange markets, but a seven per cent Bank rate is beginning to bring back hot money on top of the massive loan drawn from the International Monetary Fund: reluctant as Grandma may be to take risks while the international situation remains in the headlines, Bank rate will probably begin to come down within the next couple of months. The latest trade figures are reasonably good – exports still sticky, but imports continuing to fall steadily as industry cuts down its rate of stockbuilding. For the past three months there has probably been a small surplus on visible trade, a happy state attained only occasionally since the war when conditions were particularly favourable.

The trouble is that the invisible surplus which has served until now to pay for investment and aid abroad has all but disappeared: if both are to be maintained, a substantial surplus on visible trade will have to become normal. For the moment, the government is doing what it can to ease the strain by taking a tougher line with companies applying for permission to invest abroad and by urging all companies with overseas interests (in as well as outside the sterling area) to bring home a larger proportion of their profits. In the short term, at least, the appeal will probably produce results; in the short term, if US production continues to roar ahead, the balance of payments problem will probably be solved without too much difficulty.

But the long-term measures on which Mr Lloyd has gallantly staked his future have made no progress during the silly season and are unlikely to make much for some time to come. The very enthusiasm of the employers about the idea of a national planning council, on which a relatively small body representing employers, unions and government would be supported by an independent staff of economic experts, has aroused the suspicion of the unions. Planning, at the moment, seems to be a polite euphemism for wage restraint, and no union leader, whatever his private feelings, is going to find it easy during the next few months to co-operate with a government which is interfering so violently with the machinery of wage negotiation. But Mr Lloyd's clumsy honesty has its attractions, and the unions are in a progressive mood.

It is certainly encouraging that the question of negotiations with the Six did not in the end become another H-bomb or Clause Four, a pretext for a straight line-up of right-wing against left-wing union leaders. Mr Cousins has still not made up his mind which side to take and the TUC has passed a resolution cautiously in favour of negotiation by an overwhelming majority. So far, on our side, so good, but the French, for all de Gaulle's words of welcome, are already said to be raising little procedural difficulties. They have certainly raised strong objections to the idea of reforming the International Monetary Fund (which they regard as an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy) along even the unambitious lines proposed by Dr Jacobssen and his men. Everyone else is willing enough, but it now seems unlikely that anything very dramatic will come out of the annual meeting of the Fund in Vienna.

Company News

Company news always dries up at this time of year, and the little there has been is not particularly encouraging. The interesting point about the *Shell* group's results for the second quarter is not so much that profits are up but that capital expenditure is sharply down.

Albright & Wilson's profit for the first half-year was down slightly, that of *Monsanto* was down by over 40 per cent; competition in the chemical industry is still increasing.

Lombard has dealt another blow to the fanciers of hire purchase shares by cutting its interim dividend (a small cut was expected) from 9½ to five per cent.

Mercury Securities, the group which includes and is managed by Warburgs, the merchant bankers, has reported a 14 per cent fall in profits from last year's record level but is nevertheless maintaining its dividend.

Issues are coming out as quickly as expected; the government is squeezing the banks hard, and overdrafts were brought down by over £100m last month. The *Colvilles* £15m issue was largely left with the underwriters – not surprisingly, since the market fell sharply after the terms had been fixed and the offer price of the new shares was higher than that of the old. Other issues have been announcd since then, however, by *Whitbread, Courage & Barclay, Eagle Star* and a good many smaller companies.

Bids, too, are still taking place. *Unilever*, driven by the fierceness of the detergent war, is bidding for *Pinoya*, a family-controlled business which makes Stergene and Domestos.

The paint industry has been transformed by the invasion of Imperial Chemical, Courtaulds and Wall Paper Manufacturers: two of the larger remaining independent firms, *British Paints* and *International Paints*, have now decided to merge. *R. H. O. Hills*, which brought up the Gorringe business earlier this year, is now negotiating with the directors of *Whiteleys*, a white elephant of a store which one of the City's professional company doctors has long been trying to restore to profitability.

The Chess Board

No. 617. Tasting Blood

At the risk of getting my metaphors mixed I might mention the heady wine of study composition and my delight that a taste for it is being acquired by more and more of our regular solvers. Thus, when solving a famous Schallop-study (in No. 603) D. H. R. Stallybrass felt inspired to try his hand at the flight-from-stalemate theme. Here's the result of his labours. /7k/7p/5P1P/16/4K3/3r1RpR/8/. Obviously, 1) f7 fails against . . . Rf2:; 2) Kf2:g1(Q)†; and just so a draw would result from 1) Rfg2:,Rg2:; 2) f7,Rf2 etc. Here's the author's solution for a win: 1) Rhg2:,Rd3†; 2) Kf4,Rd4†; 3) Kg5, Rd5†; 4) Kh4.Rh5†! 5) Kg4.Rh4†; 6) Kf5, Rf4†; 7) Kg5 etc.

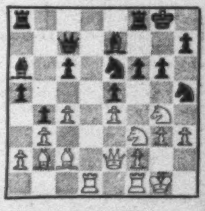
Another one of our regular ladder-climbers, A. J. Sobey, felt attracted by the Knight-versus run-away pawn theme and sent me some specimens, such as this one: /24/p4kp1/1Pp5/2K5/7P/2kt5/. Here's the author's solution for a draw. 1) ba:,Ktb3; 2) a6,Ktc5; 3) a7,Kta4†; 4) Kc4:,Ktb6†; 5) Kc5,Kta8; 6) Kc6,Ke6; 7) Kb7, Kc7; 8) Ka8:,Kc7; 9) h3,Kc8; 10) h4,gh:; stalemate.

Another well deserved chessbook voucher will go to P. C. Wason, a frequent competitor in 'Readers' Own' weeks. He sent me this interesting correspondence game drawn against Szysko, Poland. Dr. Wason had Black.

1) e4, c5; 2) Ktf3, Ktc6; 3) d4, cd:; 4) Ktd4:, Ktf6; 5) Ktc3, d6; 6) Bg5, e6; 7) Qd3, Be7; 8) Rd1, 0-0; 9) Be2, d5; 10) ed:, Ktb4; 11) Qg3, Ktd5:; 12) Bh6, Kte8; 13) Ktd5:, Qd5; 14) Ktb3, Qc6; 15) c3, Bd6; 16) Bf4, e5; 17) Be5:, Be5:; 18) Qe5:, Qg2:; 19) Kd2, Be6; 20) Kc1, Rd8; 21) Rd8:, Qh1:†; 22) Kc2, Ktf6; 23) Rf8:†, Kf8:; 24) Qd6† Ke8; 25) Ktd4, Qe4†; 26) Bd3, Qe1; 27) Qb8†, Ke7; 28) Qb7:†, Ktd7; 29) Qa7:, Qf2:†; 30) Be2, Qh2:; 31) b4, g5; 32) Kd1, Qd6; 33) Qa8, g4; 34) Bd3, Qg3; 35) Qe4, Qg1†; 36) Kd2, Qf2†; 37) Qe2, Qe2:†; 38) Ke2:, Ba2:; 39) Bh7:, Kd6; 40) Kf2, Ke5; 41) Kg3, K:f6; 42) Bf5, Bd5; and here, since 43) Bg4: would be countered by . . . Ktc4†, a draw was agreed.

Finally, yet another home made study submitted by one of our regular Israeli competitors, J. Aizikowicz of Haifa. /3Kt4/2p5/8/3q4/3k4/. 8/3PKP2/R7/. White is to win, and this is the authors' solution. 1) Ra4†,Ke5; 2) Ra5, and since the Rook is taboo on account of the Knight fork, 2) . . . c5 is forced; but now White wins by 3) Rc5:,Qc5:; 4) d4†, and whichever way Black takes the pawn, he must lose his Queen.

A: Ossip Bernstein
1903



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position which Dr Bernstein, one of next year's octogenarians, won as a boy of 19. How then did White force resignation in a couple of moves? **B**, a draw, is almost too easy for 6 ladder-points. Obviously, what matters is to give the King a chance of catching the run-away pawn. No less instructive (for 7 points) is **C** a win. Simply to collect the RP would give the Black K the chance of reaching an unassailable perch at f8. Hence, King and Bishop have to swop their sentry-duties. But how? Usual prizes. Entries by 18 September.

B: O. Gallischek 1961: /24/1kbR4/8/1P6/KPp5/8/.

C: T. Begheije 1961: /8/p4Bp1/6P1/8/K7/2k5/16/.

REPORT on No. 614 Set 18 August

A: 1) Qc4!!, Qc4:; 2) Rh1† etc.; or . . . Qf3; 2) Qh4†, Qh5; 3) Qh5:†,gh:; 4) Rg7†, Kh8; 5) Rh6 mate.

B: 1) Be3†, Kb7!; 2) e7, Ra3:; 3) Ba7!!, Ra1; 4) Kf4!! (Ke4??), Rf1†; 5) Bf2!, Rf2:†; 6) Ke3 etc.

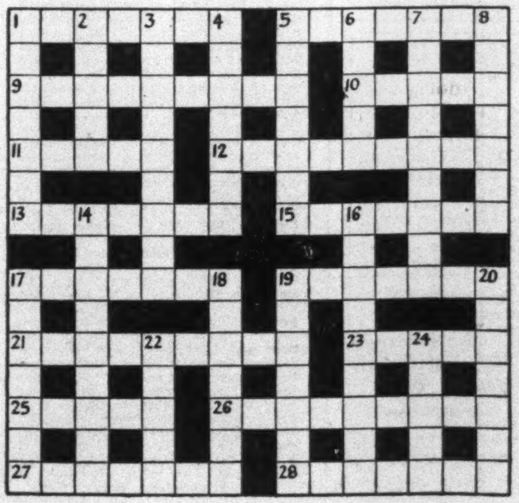
C: 1) Kd5!! (Kc5??), Kb4! (Kb2:?); 2) Kc6, a5; 3) Kb7, a4; 4) Ka6, Kb3; 5) Kb5! (Ka5?), a6†; 6) Ka5 etc.

Many tricked by **C**; prizes: C. H. Brown, H. Garfath, M. B. James, G. W. Richardson, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 474

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 474, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 19 September.



ACROSS

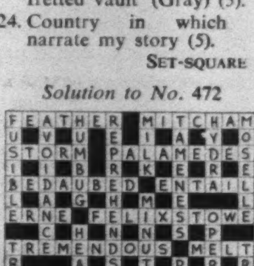
1. Holiday place for a youngster with half the money (7).
5. Became dispirited, being covered with stones (7).
9. Archbishop about to steal from a navigator (9).
10. Squeers's verb active (5).
11. Shelter award for a cartoonist (5).
12. Sixteen converted to the Church for life (9).
13. Search in the middle of Birmingham (7).
15. Punishment to permit in the grammar school (7).
17. As times change for the artist (7).
19. Bennett wrote about one of the five towns (7).
21. Musician partnered in a new arrangement (9).
23. One of these folds would do for the common herd (5).
25. A lot of paper concerned with some writing (5).
26. Making a bird noise for game and fish (9).
27. Hang or defer execution (7).
28. Girl including transport for sailors (7).

DOWN

1. Neck protector starting as hand protector (7).
2. 'The Sultan's Turret in a —— of Light' (Fitzgerald) (5).
3. A herald is used for the ends of the line (9).
4. A vice he concealed to win success (7).
5. Agriculture in a remote historical period (7).
6. Like a bed for a fashionable occasion (5).
7. Woman of the theatre inexperienced on the boards? (9).
8. Stupid persons or fellows without a clue (7).
14. Mothers hold various retail fabrics (9).
16. The learned man could provide a result without it (9).
17. This ram is sacrificed for a god (7).
18. Finish with love and marry the wealthy (7).
19. Warlike poet (7).
20. Bob breaks the rules and retires (7).
22. 'The long-drawn —— and fretted vault' (Gray) (5).
24. Country in which I narrate my story (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 472



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Salaries: Lecturer: £G1,050 x £G50 – £G1,400 x £G75 – £G1,850: £G1,900; Assistant Lecturer: £G900; £G950. Non-Ghanaian an additional 20%. Entry at appropriate position.

Appointment normally five years in first instance.

Outfit allowance £G60. Car allowance £G150 p.a. Family allowance for non-Ghanaians for each child in West Africa £G50 p.a. or, if under age of 21 and being educated outside West Africa, £G100 p.a. (maximum five children). Part furnished accommodation at charge not exceeding 7.5% of salary. FSSU policies maintained if already held, or superannuation on similar basis.

Passages for appointee and family on appointment and normal termination. Annual leave with three overseas return passages in every four years for non-Ghanaians and one every three years for Ghanaians.

Applications (six copies) with full details of qualifications, experience, etc. and naming three referees to be sent before 2 October 1961 to the Assistant Registrar (London), University of Ghana, 15 Gordon Square, London, WC1, from whom further information may be obtained.

STENOGRAPHER/SECRETARIES
TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT

Required for one tour of 21/27 months in first instance.

Salary according to experience in scale £976 rising to £1,239 a year. Outfit allowance £45. Gratuity at rate of 25% of total salary drawn. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary.

The coastal capital offers good sporting and recreational facilities. There are numerous social clubs and libraries affording a wide choice of reading.

Candidates must be single women, aged 22-40 and of good education. They must be competent shorthand-typists (min. speeds 120 and 50 w.p.m. respectively) with at least five years experience general office routine.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/53184/NJ.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REPORTER
required by
TANGANYIKA GOVERNMENT

for verbatim duties in LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL and for secretarial work.

CONTRACT – for one tour of 21-27 months with possibility of re-engagement.

COMMENCING SALARY – £1,287 a year (including Overseas Addition) in scale rising to £1,479 a year.

GRATUITY – £669-£871 payable on satisfactory completion of service.

FREE PASSAGES AND MEDICAL ATTENTION. LIBERAL FULLY PAID LEAVE. OUTFIT ALLOWANCE £45. ACCOMMODATION PROVIDED AT REASONABLE RENTAL. INCOME TAX LOWER THAN UK.

Officer will be based in coastal Capital offering good sporting and recreational facilities. Candidates must be single women under 36 years possessing GCE or equivalent, and shorthand and typing speeds 160/60 w.p.m. approx.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/52884/NJ.

NATIONAL COLLEGE FOR
TRAINING YOUTH LEADERS

Men and women wishing to train as qualified full-time youth leaders are invited to apply to the Registrar, National College for the Training of Youth Leaders, Humberstone Drive, Leicester, for particulars of the one year full-time course beginning next February.

Applicants should normally be 23 or over and have obtained five passes at Ordinary level in the General Certificate of Education or their equivalent. Experience of work with young people is desirable, and may make up for a lack of formal educational qualifications.

Residence will be provided, if required. Grant-aid (calculated according to means) will comprise, at the maximum, free tuition, free term-time residence (or, for day students, a day maintenance grant), and grants for personal and travelling expenses. In addition grants for dependants will normally be available to students over 25 and, in certain circumstances, to students below that age.

SEVERALLS HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST. Applicants should have an honours degree with Psychology as a main subject or other approved qualifications, and should have had at least five years' experience in the grade of Psychologist (including probationary period). The successful candidate will have charge of the Department of Psychology and be expected to take part in the teaching and research activities of the hospital. National Health Whitley Council conditions of service.

Salary at present on the scale £1,100 to £1,500 per annum.

Applications with details of experience and the names of two referees to the GROUP SECRETARY, SEVERALLS HOSPITAL, COLCHESTER, ESSEX.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA
GENERAL MANAGER

Applications are invited for the position of GENERAL MANAGER of the SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE. The General Manager will be the chief administrative officer of the Sydney Opera House Trust. He will be directly responsible to the Trust for the overall management, in accordance with the Trust's policy, of the Opera House and its various halls and services. These will comprise:

(a) a hall seating 2,800 for concerts, pageants, conferences, etc., or 1,700 for grand opera.
(b) a hall seating 1,100 for dramatic presentations, intimate opera, conferences, etc.
(c) an experimental theatre seating 430, suitable for drama, the screening of films, meetings, etc.
(d) a hall seating 300 for chamber music, lectures, meetings, etc.
(e) a restaurant and grill-room and other public facilities.

Halls (a), (b) and (c) will be equipped with stage machinery of varying sizes and complexity and some of these halls will be fitted with simultaneous language translation equipment for the holding of international conferences.

While the Trust is empowered to act as promoter, it is anticipated that various public and private organisations will make use of the halls in the Opera House and may promote various activities therein with the approval of the Trust. The General Manager, therefore, will need to possess a high degree of administrative ability with a knowledge and experience of business and public finance and public relations. Experience as a theatre executive would be desirable, but not essential.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the New South Wales Public Service Act 1902, as amended by subsequent Acts. The salary of the position will be determined according to the qualifications of the successful applicant who will be required to make himself available to the Trust as from April 1962. An appropriate entertainment allowance will be paid.

Four copies of applications for the position (including a recent photograph) should be sent to The Agent General for New South Wales, 56 Strand, London, WC2, by Tuesday, 31 October 1961, and should state the applicant's full name, age, address, nationality, professional, academic or other special qualifications and past and present employment and experience (supported by documentary evidence) and the names of three referees.

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

Required for January 1962, man or woman teacher as YOUTH TUTOR at the THOMAS BENNETT SCHOOL, CRAWLEY, to develop informal activities for existing and old pupils, and to liaise with local industry, Youth Service and Youth Employment Service. The Youth Tutor will be a full member of the school staff, responsible to the Head of this large, mixed grammar/modern school opened in 1958.

Salary equivalent to Burnham Scale for primary and secondary schools, plus Scale II graded post (£150). Holidays as for Youth Service Officers. Possibility of later promotion to Housemaster/mistress for suitable applicant (at present Grade B). Energy and enthusiasm essential. Possibility of housing. Application forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Closing date 27 Sept.

Have you a

Warm Personality?

Administrative Ability?

Nursing Qualification? (not essential)

Training in Child Care

or

Experience with Younger Children

and a

Domestic Flair?

Then the London County Council have the job for you as **RESIDENT DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT** at the **MARGARET McMILLAN HOUSE** in lovely rural surroundings at Wrotham, Kent. The nursery, which affords facilities for student teachers, accommodates 36 children from 2-7 years. This position offers wide scope in the running of the nursery, as a substantial part of the superintendent's time is absorbed with the students. Salary £675-£750, plus responsibility allowance (amount under consideration), less residential charges, £141. Single accommodation only available. Annual leave – six weeks, inclusive of bank holidays.

Application form and details from the Children's Officer (SDO/N/2427/9), The County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY, SALFORD
DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for the following appointments with effect from 1 January 1962:

(1) LECTURER or SENIOR LECTURER in LIBERAL STUDIES

Candidates should have good honours degree and preferably post-graduate qualifications in a combination of some of the following:

Sociology
Social Anthropology
Penology
Economic Sociology

(2) TWO LECTURERS in LIBERAL STUDIES

(i) Candidates should have good first degree qualifications in Economics and any of the following:

Economic History
Politics
Philosophy
Applied Economics
Statistics

(ii) Candidates should have good first degree qualifications in any of the following:

Human Geography
Historical Geography
Demography
Economic Geography

Experience in teaching or adult education is essential in all the above posts, and industrial experience would be an advantage.

Salary Scales: Lecturer – £1,370 rising to £1,550 p.a. Senior Lecturer – £1,550 rising to £1,750 p.a. (From 1 January 1962, it is expected that these will be superseded by new scales separate from the Burnham Scales.)

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, The Royal College of Advanced Technology, Salford 5, Lancs, to whom applications should be returned by 22 September 1961.

LOUGHBOROUGH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Applications are invited for a

LECTURER IN EUROPEAN HISTORY

to cover the range from the Bronze Age to the beginning of modern times, with special reference to some particular aspect, e.g. philosophy, science and technology, archaeology, social or economic history, or one or more of the arts. Ability and desire to conduct research and/or ability to teach a modern language would be additional advantages. Teaching will be concerned initially with students whose main interest is in technology, but later, probably, with students whose interests are in both Humanities and technology. Salary £1,370-£1,550 per annum, subject to revision.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Academic Registrar.

(In reply please quote ref. 28/BA.).

SMITH HOSPITAL, HENLEY-ON-THAMES
RESEARCH INVESTIGATION INTO CHILDHOOD PSYCHOSIS

Applications are invited for the post of Research Psychologist, graded at senior level, at this Psychiatric Hospital (46 beds) catering for children with psychotic disorders.

The successful candidate would be a senior member of a newly constituted research team and would co-operate with the present staff of the Hospital in the design and execution of a comprehensive research project investigating different aspects of psychosis in children. He will be expected to co-ordinate the collection, recording and subsequent analysis of factual data, assist in the formulation and validation of diagnostic criteria and help to evaluate the effects of treatment. There is considerable scope for experimental investigations; control groups of subnormal children are available in associated hospitals of the Group. Facilities might be afforded for submitting work for a higher degree, and there are possibilities of liaison with the Universities of Oxford and Reading. The appointment is subject to Whitley Council recommendations, PTA 87; salary in the range of £1,100-£1,500, point of entry depending on experience and qualifications. Research experience and experience with children are desirable and familiarity with statistical methods essential. The appointment will be until at least April 1963, in the first instance, with possibility of renewal after that date. Further details from the Principal Psychologist, Fair Mile Hospital, Nr Wallingford, Berks. Applications to the Group Secretary, St Birinus Group Hospital Management Committee, Fair Mile Hospital, Nr Wallingford, Berks.

NAPSBURY HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, NEAR ST ALBANS, HERTS

Applications are invited from qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for two vacancies in the Social Work Department at the above Hospital.

The Hospital has more than 2,000 beds and is situated in pleasant surroundings near St Albans.

The Department has an Establishment of 5 Social Workers with pleasant office accommodation and adequate clerical assistance.

Further particulars may be obtained from Miss M. N. Swaine, the Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Forms of application from and returnable to the Group Secretary.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

HIGH WICK

Applications are invited from Women experienced in work with children for the post of Child Care Worker at the above Psychiatric Unit for mentally ill children aged 3-11. A two-year training course offers candidates unique opportunities for both theoretical and practical training in the care of mentally disturbed children. Salary £475 x £25 (5) - £600 per annum less £120 per annum for board-lodging.

Application forms obtainable from Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge, High Wick, Tyttenhanger, Near St Albans, Herts.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

invites applications for the post of REGIONAL BRANCH OFFICER based on an office in Newcastle. The Society, which has 250 affiliated societies, with a membership approaching 20,000, is now rapidly expanding its welfare, information and advisory services.

The Society seeks to appoint an Officer (man or woman) having a concern for the problems of mental handicap, to undertake the administration and development of its activities in the North East area. The post calls for a high degree of initiative and administrative experience. Salary £850/£1,000, according to qualifications, plus superannuation.

Applications should be sent within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement to the General Secretary, NSMHC, 125 High Holborn, London, WC1.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

EDLINGTON SECONDARY SCHOOL AND EDLINGTON NEW COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY SCHOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Headmaster/Mistress which will be created as a result of the amalgamation of adjoining boys' and girls' secondary schools at Edlington, near Doncaster. Amalgamation will take place on the appointment of the new head.

There were 850 pupils on roll in the two schools in September 1961. The school will be in Group XV; when new school buildings become available the Group will probably be XVII, and the school will move into a higher Group as academic work develops and the VIth Form grows. The Catchment area of the school will include both industrial and attractive rural areas.

The appointment offers a challenge to a new Head. He/she will have the problem of integrating the work of a boys' non-selective school and a girls' non-selective school, which are housed in adjacent premises, and of developing extended courses in the amalgamated school. Provision for the complete rehousing of the school in new buildings has been included by the Minister of Education in a Major Building Programme and it is expected that building work will start early in 1963. When the new school buildings are ready the school will begin to admit children at 11+ from the whole ability range and it will then be possible for the Head to arrange strong academic courses and develop the school as a comprehensive one. The new buildings will be for a school of some 1,300 pupils and will cost in the region of £440,000. The new buildings will incorporate the most up-to-date facilities for Secondary Education which include special provision for Advanced Courses and VIth Form pupils.

Applicants must be graduates of a British university.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

EMPLOYMENT Agency for foreigners reqs secretary. Typing & min. 1 European language. No shorthand. KEN. 1586.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Children's Department

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the following posts:

(a) SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER in charge of BEDFORD AREA OFFICE, vacant in November through promotion. Post involves supervision of four Child Care Officers and, possibly, generic course students. Salary within scale £960-£1,140 p.a.

(b) CHILD CARE OFFICERS for three new posts, offering experience of all aspects of Child Care Work, in pleasant Area Offices at Luton (women required), Bedford and Dunstable. Salary within scale £665-£975 p.a. Starting salary if holding Child Care Certificate not less than £820 per annum.

Application forms and further details from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 22 September.

COUNTY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for post of CHILD CARE OFFICER, to undertake cross-section work in one area of the County. Salary on scale £665-£975, starting point by arrangement. Child Care Certificate or similar qualification preferred. Driving licence essential, or willing to learn. Apply by letter forthwith (no forms) giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, 152 London Road, Leicester.

COVENTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE

Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (woman). Candidates should have had experience of work amongst young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, Teaching Certificate, Social Science Diploma, or other appropriate Youth Service qualifications is essential. Salary scale, Soulbury (Youth Service officers) Grade II £1,070 x £27 10s. - £1,290 p.a.

Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

WILTSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Education Committee

Applications are invited for the resident post of Assistant Domestic Bursar/Assistant Secretary at Urchfont Manor Residential Adult College, to assist with household and office arrangements. Salary £575 x £20 to £635. A deduction of £145 for living in. Details from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wiltshire. Closing date for applications 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for a new post of Senior Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Durham. Candidates should possess a Social Science qualification and extensive experience of social work. Salary (as for Senior Probation Officer) £1,075 with four annual increments to £1,195. Seniority is transferable from the Probation Service and pension rights from Civil Service and Local Authority schemes are preserved

Further details and application forms (returnable by 18 September) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointments as social case workers at HM Prisons in London and Preston. Adequate experience in an appropriate capacity is essential and a qualification in social studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 and above) and six increments to £1,025. London post carrying additional weighting of £40.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 September 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

DR BARNARDO'S CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, E1

Experienced PSW (Woman) required full-time from 1 October. Good experience amongst deprived children. Car provided. Whitley Scale

Apply Chief Medical Officer as above. Tel. STEpney Green 3400

ASSISTANT male Youth Leader required for open mixed club, Marylebone. Three nights weekly. References essential. Apply Box 5380.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

HM Training Prison & Prison Staff College, Wakefield

Further applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as a social case worker at the above. Experience of modern case work methods is essential and a qualification in Social Studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 or over) with six annual increments to £1,025. Credit for approved previous experience.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 30 Sept. 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

This Bureau enjoys a high reputation and its staff enjoys its work. Its aim is to give a Top People's service to employer and employee. All office staff, male and female, are invited to call, if preferred by appointment.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU
436 Strand, Charing Cross, WC2.
TEM 6644.

Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents Federation.

BBC requires Vietnamese Programme Organiser (British subject). Duties include planning and production of broadcast programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff concerned with translation and broadcasting of news bulletins, talks, commentaries, and feature programmes in Vietnamese. Essential qualifications include wide cultural and general background, organising ability, sense of news values and definite interest in and knowledge of international affairs with special reference to South East Asia. Experience in news or in production and planning of broadcast programmes and the ability to write for broadcasting would be considerable advantages. Knowledge of Viet Nam and Vietnamese or cognate language desirable but successful candidate must in any case be willing to study Vietnamese in order to become reasonably fluent. Salary £1,575 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,000 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.405 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence for Women Students. Applications are invited from women graduates for the appointment of Tutor (part-time) of the Mary Worthington Wing (about 60 residents), with board and residence and an honorarium of £100 per session. The part-time nature of the duties makes the post particularly suitable for graduates wishing to pursue research. Duties to begin 5 October 1961, or such later date as may be arranged. Applications to be submitted not later than 18 September should be addressed to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom detailed particulars may be obtained.

COPY-typists: temporary. 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in Philosophy. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts in the Department of Philosophy. Applicants should possess appropriate academic qualifications and teaching experience. The successful candidates will be expected to engage in research projects, in addition to normal teaching and tutoring duties. (The Department's major project in Psychology at present is in the field of psycholinguistics). Annual salary (superannuable) is £2,150 x 75 – £2,825 for a man or £1,600 x 60 – £2,140 for a woman. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. Passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those recruited from abroad. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 13 October 1961.

COLOMBO Plan Technical Co-operation Scheme. Capital Development Authority, Islamabad, Pakistan. Department of Technical Co-operation invites applications for following appointments in United Kingdom expert team to assist the Authority in designing works for new Pakistan capital at Islamabad. (1) Senior Architect to be particularly concerned with design of housing projects. FRIBA or ARIBA with experience in a responsible position of similar projects overseas required. Salary £3,500 p.a. (subject to United Kingdom income tax) plus Tax Free oversea allowance of £1,805 p.a. (married men) or £1,100 p.a. (single men). (Reference PAK/828/TCS). (2) Structural Engineer to prepare structural designs for bridges and prestressed concrete structures and to supervise construction. Should be AMICE or AMIStruct.E. Salary £3,250 p.a. (subject to United Kingdom income tax) plus Tax Free oversea allowance of £1,805 p.a. (married men) or £1,100 p.a. (single men). (Reference PAK/829/TCS). (3) Architect with experience in the field of civic design. Will be particularly concerned with architectural aspect of public works, bridges etc., in new capital. FRIBA or ARIBA preferably with previous experience overseas required. Salary £3,000 p.a. (subject to United Kingdom income tax) plus Tax Free oversea allowance of £1,805 p.a. (married men) or £1,100 p.a. (single men). (Reference PAK/830/TCS). (4) Landscape Architect to be concerned with landscape development in new capital and its surroundings. Should be FRIBA or ARIBA and preferably member of Institute of Landscape Architects. Salary £3,000 p.a. (subject to United Kingdom income tax) plus Tax Free oversea allowance of £1,805 p.a. (married men) or £1,100 p.a. (single men). (Reference PAK/831/TCS). Additional allowances for children. Free furnished accommodation or refund of 45% of basic hotel bills. United Kingdom superannuation position can be preserved. All emoluments paid by United Kingdom Government. For further information and application form write to Department of Technical Co-operation, Almack Hse, 26/28 King St, London, SW1, quoting appropriate reference.

DANILO Dolci Committee urgently requires people for its interesting though difficult pioneer community development work in Sicily. Salary by arrangement. Application forms and further information obtainable from: the Secretary, 29 Great James Street, WC1. CHAncery 3228.

Teachers—you have better pay and prospects in the R.A.F.

It is hard to imagine a more varied teaching career than that which the R.A.F. has to offer. An Education Officer may teach general subjects at R.A.F. stations at home or abroad, or give more specialised instruction up to degree standard at R.A.F. Colleges and Schools. Selected officers receive post-graduate training in electronics, aerodynamics and guided weapon theory.

The main requirement is for men and women under 39, with degrees in mathematics, science or engineering, or good technological qualifications and experience. A few vacancies exist for Arts graduates and for those qualified teachers, recognised by the Ministry of Education, who have specialised in the teaching of mathematics or science. Service is normally for 16 years leading to a pension of at least £455 a year and a minimum tax-free gratuity of £1,365. There are also shorter terms of service offering a tax-free gratuity. R.A.F. service qualifies for Burnham increments. You can be provisionally selected up to 12 months before you qualify.

Write for further information, giving your date of birth and qualifications to:—

Air Ministry (M.9) (YX 813A), Adastral House, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AIR Ministry require in Scientific Adviser's Department: Graduates in Physics, Mathematics and Engineering for appointment as Scientific Officers or Senior Scientific Officers. Successful applicants will be engaged on Operational Research either at Air Ministry in Whitehall or at one of the RAF Command HQ or Establishments. Operational Research at Air Ministry is mainly concerned with the assessment of future operational needs and problems connected with the weapons of the future, while at Commands, the emphasis is on obtaining the maximum efficiency from existing weapons systems and the evaluation of their behaviour under operational conditions. In either sphere, scientists work in close co-operation with officers of the RAF and have contacts with other Research Establishments and firms engaged on defence work. There are also opportunities for visits abroad. Current Vacancies are for posts at: (a) Air Ministry Whitehall, where the need is mainly for Scientific Officers, who will be concerned with studies of future RAF offensive and defensive systems, of the inter-play of offense and defence, of nuclear sub-marine detection, and of tactical aircraft and weapons systems. (b) Bomber Command, High Wycombe, Bucks, working on the evaluation, use and operation of air-borne and ground electronic equipment, the effectiveness of the Medium Bomber Force, and in computer organisation and programming. (c) Fighter Command, Stanmore, Middx, working on problems concerned with air defence and tactical operations of military aircraft in support of ground forces, requiring studies of aircraft performance, weapons systems, tactics and operating procedures. (d) Transport Command, Upavon, Wilts, where a Scientific Officer will be concerned with broad studies of aircraft characteristics and aircraft utilisation to meet the needs of the Military Air Transport Force, and studies with the specialist RAF staffs on specific technical and navigational problems. Successful Candidates may expect to spend a reasonable time in their first appointments but will later have opportunities for broadening their experience in other branches of the Department. Prospects for able scientists are good. Promotion to higher grades depends basically on merit. Quals. Candidates should hold a First or Second Class Hons Degree in Physics, Maths or possibly Engineering. Senior Scientific Officer Candidates should be at least 26 and have had not less than 3 years appropriate postgraduate experience. Salary Scales are – SSO £1,342-£1,654. SO £738-£1,222 but S/Os with suitable experience may start above the minimum. Scales in London are somewhat higher. Interviews for appointment will be held in London. Forms from Ministry of Labour, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 28 King Street, London, SW1, quoting A.347/1A. Closing date 24 October 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. Full-time Educational Psychologist reqd in Harrow area. Honours degree in Psychology or equiv., recognised clinical training & teaching exper. essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools & work in the Child Guidance Centre. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref.GP) 10 Great George St., SW1, returnable by 30 September. Canvassing disquals. (Quote H.143 NS.)

SENIOR Child Care Officer (male) with suitable qualifications and experience required to undertake statutory reviews and possibly student supervision, in addition to a small case-load. Appointment within APT scales in accordance with experience and qualifications. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., Lndn, WC1.

CHILD Care Officer (Woman) with suitable qualifications and experience required for Eastern Counties area. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistance allowances. Appointment within APT special scale (£665-£975) according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq, WC1

NATIONAL Council of Social Service requires Assistant for Administration of Grants and Loans for Village Halls. Attention to detail essential. Interest in rural affairs desirable. Starting salary up to £675 per annum. S.a.e. marked 'VH' to 26 Bedford Square, WC1, for further particulars and application form. Closing date 22 Sept.

INSTITUTE of Child Psychology Ltd, 6 Pembridge Villas, W11. BAYswater 4759. Applications invited for post of full-time PSW (part-time considered). Vacancy owing to family reasons. Fully staffed Clinic. Training centre for Child Psychotherapists. Emphasis on intensive treatment, opportunities for long-term case work. Further information from Dr K. MacSorley, Mrs E. Rogers leaving PSW.

ADVISER with knowledge of Income Tax required for Advice Bureau of National Newspaper. 5-day week. Salary £12 14s. 6d. Apply Box 5458.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT Information Services. Pensionable posts for men and women as (a) Principal Information Officer, (b) Senior Information Officer, (c) Information Officer, (d) Assistant Information Officer in the Central Office of Information and other Government Departments, requiring good standard of general education, lively interest in current affairs, wide general knowledge, and experience in one or more of: general publicity work; journalism; book, magazine, or picture editing; proof reading; preparation of reference material; social research; arranging and conducting tours; design and organisation of exhibitions; art and design; documentary film work; production of radio tapes; translating; television; advertising. Good publicity sense and organising ability essential. Knowledge of Government organisation an advantage. Inner London salary scales: (a) £2,041-£2,353; (b) £1,573-£1,937; (c) £1,282-£1,490; (d) £503 (at 18) to £819 (at 25) rising to £1,214. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 76/61. Closing date 5 October 1961.

LONDON Ambulance Service require men and women ambulance control clerks. 40-hour week on shift basis. Age limits 18-35 with allowance for time spent on regular engagement in HM Forces. Scale 140s.-320s. – according to age and experience; not less than 250s. at age 30. Extra for overtime, Sunday and night duty, etc. Details and forms from Medical Officer of Health (D1/N/2477/9), County Hall, SE1 returnable by 20 September.

CHILD Psychotherapist (Protestant) required 4 sessions weekly at the Child Guidance Clinic, Dr Barnardo's Homes, Barkingside, Essex. (Consultant Dr Elizabeth Whatley). £2 15s. 6d. per session. Apply: Chief Medical Officer, 18-26 Stepney Causeway, E1.

FREEDOM from Hunger Campaign needs competent Shorthand-Typist to join small, enthusiastic team. Salary: 10 guineas per week. Offices at 17 Northumberland Avenue, WC2, near Trafalgar Square. Phone WHI. 8248 for appointment.

ASSISTANT Mistress wanted, as from January 1962, to be responsible for the arrangement of physical activities (tennis, riding, etc.) and willing to co-operate in special methods of teaching English to foreign students. Residence optional in Mistresses' House. Burnham Scale and 13/14 weeks' holiday annually. The post offers special opportunities in civilised surroundings to a young and enterprising teacher of cheerful and friendly temperament who has a genuine sympathy with young people of many different nationalities. Applicants must be English. Apply, stating qualifications, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

ASSISTANT Housekeeper required for co-educational boarding school. Good conditions and holidays. Commencing salary £300/£350, according to qualifications and experience, plus free board and residence. Apply with details to the Headmistress, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

CLERK required by Trade Union office, with knowledge of elementary book-keeping, able to type an advantage, for ledger and record work. Salary according to TU agreement. Over 21 years £9 10s. to £11. 'Phone A.Sc.W. GRO. 4761.

NAT. Union of Journalists, Trade & Technical Branch – Branch clerk wtd to deal with correspondence, keep books and membership records. Initiative and dedication needed for int. work under hon. officers' supervision. Apply LUD. 7528 or write 142 Temple Chambers, EC4.

LEGAL Secretary required in Western Canada. Write giving full details of experience, age and photograph. Interview arranged in London. Bernstein & Lockerby, 203 Hornstrom Building, Red Deer, Alberta, Canada.

SECRETARY and personal assistant to Manager of new Travel Agency (W1) for cultural tours to East and West. Interesting position to right applicant. Shorthand typing essential. 5-day week. Give details of background and salary reqd. Box 5459.

COMMITTEE clerk (male or female) required. Salary by arrangement. Luncheon vouchers. Pension scheme. Apply stating qualifications: RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, SW1.

COPY Typist/Relief Telephonist required for West End Advertising Agency. Interesting work. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. No Sats. 5 mins Baker St stn. Taylor Advertising Ltd, 85 Gloucester Place, London, W1. HUNter 9851.

TRANSLATOR/typist for French language wanted for international trade union office. French mother-tongue or bilingual pref. Gd working conditions. Please apply Box 5382 not later than 23 Sept. 1961.

NEWS Director reqs personal assistant. Preferably with degree, shorthand-typing, good record in industry or commerce. Salary about £700. Box 5517.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist required to assist in welfare office women's prison North London. £11 per week. Box 5532.

SECRETARIAL Assistant, able to work on own initiative, 25/40, for Trade Association, W1. Salary £12 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Executive Committee of the Central After Care Association invites applications from suitably qualified men for the post of Secretary and Deputy to the Director of the Men's Division of the Association. The Men's Division is responsible for the supervision and after-care of men released under licence from certain categories of prison sentence, and its work is described in the Annual Report of the Council of the Central After Care Association (HMSO 2s.). The responsibilities of the post include the interpretation of policy, supervision of case work, and the administration of the London Office and staff. Practical experience of modern social casework methods is essential in addition to adequate administrative experience. Candidates should preferably be between 30 and 50 years of age. Salary, inclusive of London Weighting, will be £1,573, rising annually by £52/78 to £1,937. The starting salary will normally be at the minimum of the scale, but exceptionally a higher starting salary may be authorised for a particularly well qualified candidate. Contributory pension scheme. Further particulars and application forms are available from the Director, Men's After Care, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1 and completed applications must be received not later than 30 Sept. 1961

THE National Association for Mental Health seeks to appoint a Regional Officer for Local Associations for Mental Health to operate in the seven northern counties from the Northern Branch in Leeds. Experience of public speaking and of the formation of small voluntary organisations and willingness to travel essential. Knowledge of mental health work preferred. Salary in the range of £700-£900 p.a., with annual increments to the maximum figure. Superannuation. Further particulars and application forms from The Northern Secretary, NAMH, 9 Mount Preston, Leeds, 2.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at the Child Guidance Centre, 255-6 High Street, Uxbridge, Middx. PTA salary & quals £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Divisional Education Officer, Local County Offices, High Street, Uxbridge, returnable by 30 September. (Quote H.249 NS).

FIRCROFT College. Assistant Matron (Domestic Bursar) required to help with domestic and catering responsibility for this residential college of 40 men students. Excellent accommodation in an interesting adult education community. Good opportunity for young person to gain experience of institutional management. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. 4 weeks holiday p.a. Apply to the Secretary, Fircroft College, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

HOUSEMOTHERS reqd young spastic centre. Salary scale joint council local govt. Good social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Centre, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

ASSISTANT Education Secretary required by large Co-operative Society. NUCO scale £975 per annum. Superannuation Fund scheme. Work will include organising adult classes, conferences, festivals, reunions, etc. Details and application forms from Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society Ltd, Education Department, 15 Park Vista, London, SE10.

FILM Booking Clerk. Sound knowledge of British, American, and Foreign Cinema. 5-day week. Hours 10-6. Salary on scale £9 per week at 21 by annual increments to maximum £13 3s. 3 weeks' holiday. Applications in writing to: The Manager, Central Booking Agency, British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, WC1.

WANTED. Typist with high standard general education to work at home for scientific translators. Unlimited, well-paid, exacting work. State educational background, weekly capacity. Box 5437.

STOP The World – I Want to Get Off – at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, for tea, a chat, and a job. 114 Holborn, next to Gamages. HOLborn 0390.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary 10-5 p.m £12. MUSeum 6858

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St. EC4. CITy 7131

TRAINEE barmaid or barman required. 5 evenings weekly. Mermaid Theatre. CITy 6981.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN 54 reqs Secretary-Receptionist post, hospital, school, society. Exper. interviewing, clerical; car driver. Southern England, pref. London. Box 5441.

TRAINED teacher, psychology graduate (f.) available for part-time work from October. Pref. with children but consider anything. Box 5520.

FRENCHWOMAN seeks assistant teaching position; French, Italian. Previous experience. Manchester area. Box 5358.

YOUNG man, 23, seeks any kind of editorial/literary employment. Box 5400.

FELLOWSHIPS

RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS in GOVERNMENT SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENTS

Tenable for three years

Value £1,325-£1,640 p.a. (Senior) and £910-£1,220 p.a. (Junior). A very wide range of topics in PHYSICS, MATHEMATICS, CHEMISTRY, ENGINEERING, BIOLOGY and other fields. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree; evidence of high standard of ability in research; and at lease 2 years' post-graduate research experience (3 years for Senior Fellowships). Those completing these periods of experience in 1961 may apply. FSSU.

Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5244/61.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PROF. woman offers similar, 2 large unfurnished rooms, share kitchen & large garden. Easy access town. CRO. 0869.

WC1. Lge top-flr studio & darkroom. Non-resid. £5. HOL. 0618/CHA. 8064.

FURN. room & kit., both large, new dec., for young person in family flat W2. £5 p.w. incl. c.h.w. & elec. Box 5510.

BED-sits. Elegant hse. C.h.w., c.h. Bkfst, serv. 6/7 gns p.w. PRI. 1970.

WIMBLEDON, nr stn, 3-rm flatlet 5 gns incl. heat, use kit., bath, phone. Suit couple or two girls sharing. Box 5518.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

FLOATING mobile home, Thames Ditton. £775. H.P. Rees, Egham 3601 (wkdy).

CONGENIAL atmosphere: sgle rm 57s. 6d. HAM. 8109 wkends/aft. 4 p.m. (not Fri.).

SINGLE bed-sit. in priv. flat near Zoo. Own griller & basin, use bath. 3½ gns p. wk incl. htg & c.h.w. PRI. 8609.

SWISS Cott. Large furn. rm, 50s. exclusive. Prefer mother, school-child. Box 5497.

LGE sunny room, glimpse Highbury Fields, el. ckr, 55s. inc. el. NOR. 2962.

LGE sgle furn. rm, N. Ldn. Use tel., linen, bath, etc. Ckg facs. STA. 5085.

STUDENT (f.) offered pleasant room & k. Hampstd exch. tea-time companionship schoolgirls 2 hrs M.-F. Box 5327.

LARGE sunny bed-sitting room, water & own cooking facilities. TUD. 2623.

KENSINGTON flat. Man under 32 wanted to share. Comf., quiet. Box 5399.

OWN large b/s.-room for woman. Share k., b., new dec., s/c. flat N1. Box 5402.

LECTURER'S tiny South London house avail. 10 months. 6 gns wkly. BRI. 7860.

2 rms, pt furn., private hse, sh. bath. Suit 1 fem. Nr Questors Theatre. EAL. 2585.

PROF. woman offers furn. bed-sit. and kit. to another. Nr Sadlers Wells. 4 gns. TER. 6914 Sun. or before 9.30 a.m.

ISLINGTON: professional woman, 30's, required share modern flat; owner away except weekends. £4 p.w. Box 5407.

CLAPHAM Common. Pleasant divan rms fully furn. quiet house. 30s. and 40s. Business ladies only. Phone Thomas, Denham 2808. London dial code DE2/2808.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CAN you help? International food manufacturing Company requires accommodation of all types for members of its home and overseas staff, short or long lets, in or near Central London. Box 5511.

LITERARY manager (60's), travelling daily to city, wants homely accommodation, morning and evening meals. Near transport. Pinner dist or similar. Box 5438.

YOUNG scientist urgently needs reasonable place to live in intelligent London house or flat. Box 5498.

APOLOGY fm home skrs, a baby. Any duty. Lander, 9 Randolph Gdns, NW6.

GOOD lodgings Mon. to Fri. for girl medical student within reach of St Bartholomew's, in October. Box 5482.

LARGISH self-cntd unfurn. flat reqd by young man. Nr Charing X/Covent Gdn as poss. Own bth/w.c. essential. Box 5365.

SWEDISH architect wants quiet room or small flat for 6 months from beginning of Oct. Pref. Marylebone/Bloomsbury or within easy access Bedford Square. Box 5401.

SMALL, self-contained flat, 2 miles Knightsbridge, wanted by Cambridge graduate. Will pay good rent. Box 5404.

2 fem. students painting & textiles, reliable tenants, need cheap studio accom./sm. flat, S. London, Oct. Box 5436.

RM wtd as studio, non-resid. (conservatory?) W10 area: 30s. ring SHE. 5462.

ARCHITECT and wife seek furn. or unfurn. flat. NW dist. pref. Box 5425.

YOUNG married teachers req. furn./unf. flat Hampstead at reas. rent. Box 5355.

COTTAGE suitable baby wanted for winter. Coast preferred. Box 5446.

COURSES etc.—continued from p.328

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd, W14. University Extension Course of 10 lectures 'Dutch & Flemish Painting of the 15th to the 18th centuries'. Mondays, 8-9.30 p.m. beginning 2 Oct. Lecturers: Mrs Linda Murray, Peter Murray, Kyffin Williams, Christopher White, Michael Kitson. Fee for the course 15s. Enrolment forms available from the above address or any Kensington Library.

54 'Leisure-Time' Courses in Religions of the World, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, Exploring England's Counties, Natural History, Gardening, Languages, History of London, Literature, Art, Music, Architecture, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Photography, Travel, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Centre, 9 Tavistock Place, WC1. (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Monday 25 Sept. Enrolment from Monday, 18 Sept. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

GERMAN Classes (Mon.-Fri., 6.30-8.30 p.m.) for beginners, interm. and adv. students. Conv., disc. and study groups: German language, literature and culture. Enrolment: 18 to 29 Sept., (Mon.-Fri., 5-7 p.m.). Fees: £2 per term. Term begins 2 Oct. German Institute, 51 Princes Gate (Exhibition Road), London, SW7. Tel. KEN. 3648.

PORTUGUESE – Evening classes all levels begin 5 Oct. Apply: Luso-Brazilian Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., London, SW1.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 16 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 12,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish universities. For detls apply Sec., BEL. 1485.

RUSSIAN, Science for Laymen, Chess. Study groups forming SW2. Box 5460.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 GER. 9441.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages. School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN language and literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced preparation all exams especially Degree. Box 5218.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EVENING Drama School. Vacancies for term com. Sept. Complete course. No experience required. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU 5885).

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM. 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

HIGHLY qualified piano teacher, former professor Vienna Conservatoire, accepts pupils. HENdon 9755.

SCHOOLS

THERE are a small number of boarding vacancies for Senior boys (14 years upwards) in September 1961. For details apply Headmaster, Box Hill School, Mickleham. Tel: Leatherhead 4814.

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

STEINER Schools Fellowship Education for children from Nursery Class to University entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers etc., obtainable from Secretary, Wynstones School, Whaddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE Christian Science Monitor is running ten articles: Project: Humanity . . . Alternative to Space. Fridays from 8 Sept. Order from your newsagent or apply (5d. a copy), Mrs Evans, 18 Langside Ave, SW15.

'WHICH?'. September reports include Children's Shoes, Hair Driers, Discount Stores, Tape Recorders (No. 2). 'Which?' value-for-money reports on consumer goods, published monthly by the Consumers' Association, available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept. 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

'CONGO Tribes and Parties'. Pamphlet on ethno-political background. RAI (NS), 21 Bedford Sq., WC1. 5s. 4d. p.f.

NEW Comprehensive Catalogue of newspapers and periodicals in English and Russian from USSR now available. You may also like our 'Learning Russian' folder. Sent free from Collet's Russian Bookshop (N19), 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1.

ALMOST any learned and scientific journals, transactions, proceedings, etc., wanted. Items such as 'Nature' (before 1945), Royal Statistical Society Journal, Royal Society Philosophical Trans. & Procs. A & B, and also Bibliography including 'English Catalogue of Books' Cumulative Vols, 'Palmer's'/'Official Index to The Times', etc., constantly sought. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish Street, London, W1. MUSeum 5250.

THE European Bookshop for foreign language books and periodicals now open at 127 Regent Street, W1.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity: Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

YOUR Book pleasingly produced at low cost. Sample post free. Where minimum cost desired we co-operate to produce directly from your typing by reducing photo process. Broadacre Books, Jarol House, Arctic Parade, Bradford, 7.

PERSONAL

TWO quiet research grads sk unfurn. s/c. flat. Tuition; gardening; handyman's jobs, etc., offered in lieu of rent. Will redecorate flat throughout. Box 5533.

PERSONABLE young man 22, highly educated, prospective medical student, widely travelled, seeks interesting creative work for one year. London. Own car; avail. all times. Anything considered. Box 5241.

IMPECUNIOUS schoolteacher, f., 30, 1 son, desp. sks flat, London. Mod. rent. Part payment perhaps by coaching/babyminding, etc. Any suggs please? Box 5452.

YUGOSLAV girl, 20, Degree English, seeks 'au pair' work with English family. Box 5432.

WOMAN, 60's, cultured, seeks partner (f.) to share flat, object some companionship. London, N10. Box 5537.

ARTISTS needed to form co-operative gallery. We all exhibit, all expenses shared. Professionals only. Contact: Salvato, 107 Elgin Avenue, W9.

ARE there two or three people, interested in jointly buying a property in London, suitable for conversion into flats for our own use. Approx. £5,000 each. Box 5457.

NEW Playwrights! See and hear your work in walk-through readings on small stage. Write: Player-Playwrights. Box 5153.

SINGER child's sewing-machine wanted immediately. Tel. evgs, PARk 8201.

FESTIVAL of the Arts: 22-25 Sept. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (incl. Painting, Pottery, Music); 29 Sept. 'Experimental Writing'.

NEW Personalist Club. Conversation circles. Leisure activities. Informal approach. Writing, arts, thought. Box 5416.

OLD established Literary Agency for sale. Good turnover of manuscripts. Books placed with leading publishers during the past year. Box 5418.

TALKS, Lectures, etc. Write for our latest Lecture List – New Era Lectures (NS), 156 Holland Park Ave, London, W11.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

PRIVATE Art Gallery in provinces invites enqs from artists interested in exhibiting. Modest fee charged. Box 5302.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

PERSONAL—continued

DELIGHTFUL West Indian boy 18 months (C. of E.) needs permanent foster home with view to adoption. No parental contacts. Full particulars from LCC Area Children's Officer, (SDO/N/2448/9), 106 Weston Street, SE1.

HELPERS wanted: an interesting and friendly way to use your free time. An hour a month collecting 1s. Pledged Gifts from friends and neighbours would help those who 'never have the chance of enough to eat'. Send for details: Joan Chapman, Room D, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now – entrance fee suspended until 30 September. Few vacancies left. For programme of lectures, concerts, discussions, Visit to Paris, Library, Club and Licensed Bar apply to Secretary (M), 17 Dover St.

PRIV. tuition Speech & Drama, English, History. Rosemary Joseph BA, LRAM, 47 Connaught Gardens, N10. TUD. 7599.

BALLOGRAF – the perfect Ballpen from Sweden now available here. Mechanism guaranteed 3 yrs; black, blue or grey, 20s. each. Refills 6s. Caravel Press, Moxon St, London, W1, or post free.

£175 in easy Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

MAKE your own garden fruit into classic table wines, aperitives, rich liqueurs, inexpensively – in your own home! Success to satisfy the connoisseur. Complete details in best-selling book. New edition only 5s. 6d. Post Free. Send cheque or PO. Grey Owl Laboratories, Almondsbury, Glos. 'Makers of the famous Grey Owl Wine Yeasts'.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1 Phone MUSeum 8923. also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

'HUMANISM Explained' – Write for free copy, Ethical Union (H), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

SUEDE and Leather jackets and coats made to measure. E. Harris, 24 Berwick Street, W1.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N), Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

SHORTHAND-typists required: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1 MAY. 6093.

CHRISTMAS Cards already! Yes, naturally, at The Caravel Press, Moxon St, W1.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Sussex village. Comfortable accommodation and good food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel.: Robertsbridge 448. Children welcome. Riding stables, fishing, moderate terms.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely valley. 8 gns. Mid-September 7 gns. Also small furnished cottage. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge'. nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

SUSSEX. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rooms, breakfast. Tel. 3773. Closed Oct. only.

'OLD Vienna', Ovingdean, Brighton. The friendliness and warm hospitality of an Alpine châlet. Viennese proprietress welcomes children and pets. Moderate family terms. Phone: Rottingdean 2426.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce. Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

DEVON. Old Court, Berrynarbor, Ilfracombe. Centrally heated Guest House in Old World Village, 1 mile sea. French & English cuisine, 6-9 gns per week. Tel. Combe Martin 3066.

PROPERTY WANTED

PLAYWRIGHT with family wants to buy remote house or cottage with grounds. Britain or Ireland, preferably near sea or river. Maximum £2,000. Box 5347.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1 ABBey 2354/5817.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

DUPLCTG/Typg MSS. Mod. chgs. Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

INTERNATIONAL Translators, 114 Junction Road, N19. ARchway 4009, for prompt, efficient service.

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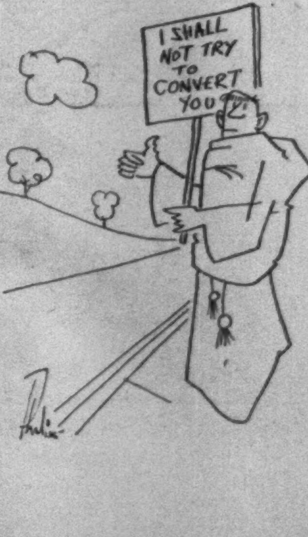
ANY port in a storm – but only one sherry. Regardless of the weather, it's El Cid, the superb Spanish Amontillado that pleases the most discerning palates.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Covent Garden, WC2.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 14 Sept.
Rep. includes new productions of
IPHIGENIE EN TAURIDE
and DIE WALKURE

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 13 Sept.
Rep. includes new productions of
DIVERSIONS and
JABEZ AND THE DEVIL
Programme available.
Booking now open.
Tel: COV. 1066.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evenings 8.0, Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Lady Chatterley'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore'. 6 & 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Thurs 2.30, Wesker's 'The Kitchen'. Last wk. Com. 12 Sept. 7, sub. 7.30, Rex Harrison in 'August for the People'.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. Joan Sims, Ronnie Stevens, Millicent Martin, The Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . ! Review. 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting'. Daily Herald.

TOWER, N1. Autumn season opens with Beckett's 'Endgame'. 28-30 Sept. Book now CAN. 3475.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Beer & Skittles! New Edition Melodrama & Music Hall! Londoners should bring their visitors Fri., Sats., Suns. 7.45. Theatre members 5s. p.a.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced Actors and Actresses (Character and Juvenile) also set designers, for Autumn Season. Casting in progress. The Entertainer, Four One Act Plays by Tennessee Williams, The Playboy Of The Western World, The Tunnel Of Love, The Old Ladies, The White Devil (250th Production), Come Closer and Look (New Play). Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS
Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
until Saturday 16 September

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 10 Sept.: Guinness, Sellers in 'The Ladykillers' (U). From 11 Sept.: Nouvelle Vague Survey: Truffaut's 'Les Quatre Cents Coups' (A).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season – Sundays only until 10 Sept. 6 p.m. Soviet Ballet film of Shakespeare's Othello (U). 8.30 p.m. Bolshoi prod. Tchaikovsky's opera Queen of Spades (U). All seats bookable. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat, 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Sun., 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Contemporary Art Society: An exhibition of recent acquisitions. 7 to 17 September. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION
Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.
Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

GANYMED has several ranges of unusual greeting cards and postcards. Write for details or visit 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 26 Young Sculptors. Until 7 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library Ulrico Schettini. Drawings.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m. Old Masters.

CANALETTO Gallery, Little Venice, W9 (Tube: Warwick Ave). Paintings – Edward Hayes. Daily 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Until 12 Sept. Open Sundays.

FINMAR'S exhibition of furniture designed by the Danish architect Borge Mogensen, MAA, and sculpture and painting by Svend Wiig Hansen. Art Federation Galleries, 6¼ Suffolk Street, SW1. Daily 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., closing 29 September.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. From 13-30 September. Paintings by William Crozier. Sculptures by Brian Wall.

SENEFELDER Group. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Ronald Carpenter, David Tinker, Joe Rose: Paintings. 11-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto, Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

MOLTON Gallery. Duncan: Paintings. 7-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

PAINTINGS by Brian Rodwell; during September. Archer Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W11. 10-1, 2-6. Closed Suns.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art', Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise, Part II, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery. 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Saturdays 10-12. New London Situation.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: Jankel Adler. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

COMMITTEE OF 100

SEPTEMBER DEMONSTRATIONS

General briefiing meeting. This meeting has previously been advertised to take place on Tuesday, 12 Sept. It will now take place on

MONDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER,

CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQ.,
WC1, AT 7 p.m.

Marshals, convenors, messengers, leafletters are all asked to attend this public meeting.

ENTRY TO COMMON MARKET A
DISASTER FOR BRITAIN!
WITHDRAW THE APPLICATION
TO JOIN NOW!!
MEET AND DEMONSTRATE
AGAINST THE ATTEMPT TO SELL
BRITAIN.

ATTEND OUR
PUBLIC MEETING

TO BE HELD AT CAXTON HALL,
WESTMINSTER, LONDON, SW1,
ON FRIDAY 15 SEPTEMBER, AT
6.30 P.M.

SPEAKERS WILL INCLUDE
VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOKE, MP
W. A. NEWTON-JONES, MBE
SYDNEY SILVERMAN, MP
CLIVE JENKINS,
GENERAL SECRETARY, ASSET
R. W. BRIGINSHAW,
GENERAL SECRETARY, NSOP & A

ENQUIRIES TO THE SECRETARY,
FORWARD BRITAIN MOVEMENT,
90 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, EC2.
– TELEPHONE WATerloo 7509.

COMMON MARKET
KEEP BRITAIN OUT CAMPAIGN
(Sponsored by the City Press
Newspaper)

Next meeting Monday next 11 Sept. 8 p.m. Hammersmith Town Hall. Admission Free. Panel of Speakers – Major Oliver Smedley, MC, S. W. Alexander, W. Newton-Jones, T. Chapman Mortimer, Lyndon Jones, Christopher Frere Smith, Simon Knott, John Roberts.

BERLIN – the Bomb – World Government. Speakers: Bob Edwards, MP, Lance Mallalieu, MP, Lord Stonham. At Albert Hall, Blackpool, Tues. 3 October, 7 p.m. Adm. free. Res. seats 1s. From: Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

'BERLIN'. Wednesday, 13 September, Public Meeting at the Unward Hall, Deansgate (nr Peter St), Manchester, at 7.45 p.m., addressed by Kingsley Martin (just back from Belgrade Conference) and others. Admission 1s. Manchester Left Club and Victory for Socialism (Manchester).

MAPAM Open Forum – Saturday, 16 Sept. 'Israeli Democracy after the Knesset Elections' introduced by M. Oren, & 'The August Meeting of the World Jewish Congress in Geneva' introduced by I. Nathani. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6, 8 p.m. All welcome.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 10 Sept. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. U Maung Maung Ji, MA. 'Men Seeking God'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. G. Wagner on 'German Problems in general'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 13 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

HOW Much Do You Understand? – of the political – economic controversies of the day? – of finance, inflation, wages, profits, trade, depressions, etc? Become your own economist by attending a ten-week course in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy beginning at Victoria Tues. and Thurs. 19 and 21 Sept. 7 to 9 p.m. (separate & interchangeable classes). Nominal fee for the course 5s. Write or 'phone for prospectus: Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. Tel. VIC. 4266 & 4979 – (or you may enrol on the opening night). Classes also to be held at Beckenham, Dartford, New Eltham, Bromley, Lewisham, Chislehurst, Orpington, Bexley, Muswell Hill, Southend-on-Sea, Portsmouth, Liverpool, Isle of Wight, Cardiff, Pontypridd, Dundee & Glasgow. Write for particulars of day and time.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PAR. 7696. Fri. 15 Sept. 8 p.m. Vera Traill and David Robinson: 'Moscow Film Festival 1961'.

VARIATIONS on an unoriginal theme – a humorous programme of satirical play readings. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wed. 13 September at 8 p.m. Admission to guests 2s. 6d.

LECTURE by Peter Viereck on 'Conservatism in America' and the reading by the poet Richard Wilbur, originally scheduled for 12 & 13 Sept., will not be given on these dates. Announcemnts will be made in this column in the near future.

ESPERANTO, The International Language. You are invited to an Introductory Talk and Demonstration Lesson at London Esperanto Club, 153 Drummond St, NW1, at 7 p.m. 15 September.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghananananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Thurs., 14 Sept., 7.30, Caxton Hall; Swami Ghanananda: 'Great Sages of India'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 13 Sept., 6.30 p.m. 'It's not yours – give it back'. Mr Frank Jackson. Sat. 16 Sept., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Also Tues. 12 Sept., 6.30, 'Beginners' Course' – first of six fortnightly lessons – open to all. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

'WAKING and Dreaming Consciousness'. Public lecture, 10 Sept., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

Lecture and Discussion Series
on
THE SPIRITUAL HUNGER OF THE
MODERN CHILD

Lectures by recognised authorities in Education, Religion and Spiritual Movements, followed by questions and discussion, on one of the chief problems of the day – how to preserve the Religious Potential latent in children. FRIDAY EVENINGS, 7.30, starting 22 Sept. 1961. CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQ., London, WC1.

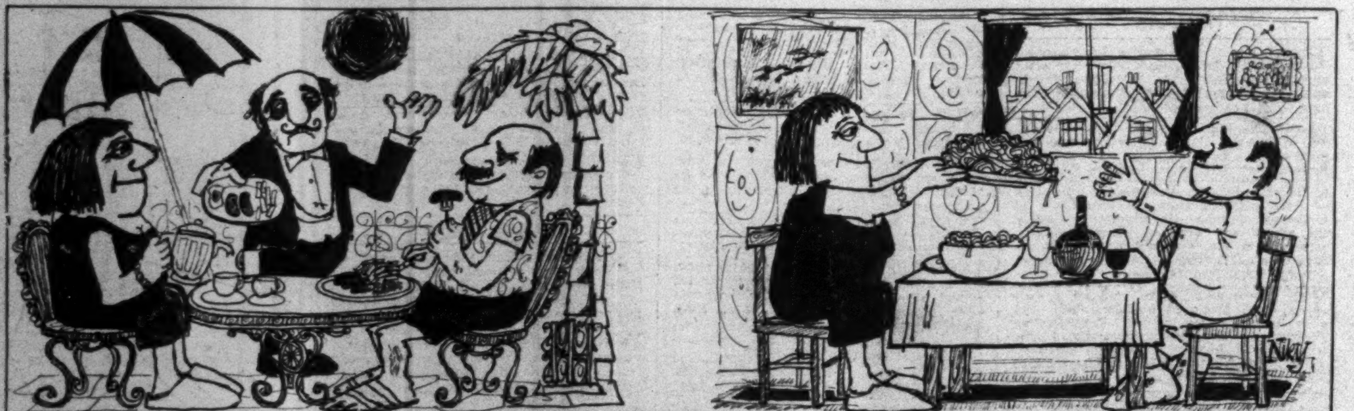
Fees £2 (or 5s. individual lectures). Students half price.

Details and tickets from – Lecture Secretary, Institute for Comparative Study of History, Philosophy and the Sciences, Coombe Springs, Kingston, Surrey.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxford: send a card for autumn list of courses.

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help. £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

COURSES etc.—continued on p.327



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